

GREENWOOD FARM.

A N O V E L.

Henry Colgan
April 1845

WRITTEN BY

A WARRENT OFFICER

BELONGING TO THE

N A V Y.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHERRYWOOD LANE

A. M. T. A.

OFFICE

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P R E F A C E.

NEW authors, like new actors, make their first appearance with diffidence and apprehension. The actor, before he speaks, pays his audience the most submissive respect; at once acknowledging their authority, and claiming their indulgence. The author, impelled by the same motives, prefixes a Preface to his Work, and, conscious that he cannot prepossess the minds of the public by a personal appearance, endeavours to do it by assigning some plausible reason for attempting to detain their attention.

In compliance with so respectable a custom, the Reader is hereby informed, that, to amuse tedious hours, on board a man of war, out of commission, the following letters were written. That should they want the charm of novelty, should the style be
The AUTHOR inelegant,

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inelegant, or the language not critically correct, yet they will be found to have this claim to indulgence, that the sentiments they convey, are such as virtue will approve.

The public (to keep up the analogy this Address set out with) may clap, or hiss, just as they feel themselves disposed. The author has formed no expectations, and therefore cannot be disappointed, let the fate of his book be what it may.---And now, having made the best bow he can, he humbly takes his leave, wholly confiding in the impartiality of his judges for his sentence, and assuring them, whatever it may be, it shall be received with the utmost respect and submission, by

— Their most obedient,

Most devoted humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

GREENWOOD FARM.

HENRY WILLIAMS to CHARLES DOUGLAS.

IN vain are all the lessons of philosophy; when opposed by the feelings of the heart. My boasted insensibility is lost in air, and not a single vestige remains. Scotland, on thy southern verge, my liberty is entombed.— You smile, and enjoy in idea the perplexity of your friend; with eager impatience you wish to anticipate the time when, place where, manner how.—Your curiosity shall be gratified.

I was riding along this evening, my mind employed in recollecting the many pleasing hours your friendship had afforded me, when my attention was irresistibly drawn from these reflections, to admire the taste, beauty, and neatness of a little rural habitation. It was

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~~situated on an eminence about a quarter of a~~
mile from the river Tweed. Flora and the
Graces, art and nature combined to render
the spot delicious. Spontaneously my heart
dictated the following soliloquy.

Hail, sweet retreat! Here, in safety, innocence may dwell. Here, too, sequestered from the teils of luxury, the tumults of ambition, and the delusive cares of a vain world, would I wish ever to remain. Here true friendship unpolluted by narrow self-interest, may enjoy its honest effusion without suspicion.

A heavy shower of rain put an end to my reverie. The door of the house was opened by a gentleman, who politely requested me to accept a shelter from the weather in his habitation; at the same time a servant came to take my horse. An invitation so obliging I could not refuse, therefore immediately dismounted, and was received with a cordial welcome. "Come, Sir," he said, "we were just going to drink tea, will you favour my wife and daughter with your company?"

I assented, was immediately introduced, and in one moment caught the soft infection. The lovely Eliza—But I will endeavour to describe

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describe the family, conformable to the rules of precedence.

First then the father. He appears to be about fifty years old, is an agreeable manly figure, is a pleasing companion in conversation, has had much intercourse with the world, from which he has retired in disgust, Yet he is not a misanthrope, for he is social and benevolent. Prudence made retirement necessary to his happiness, and he obeyed its impulse. Much has he suffered from perfidy and ingratitude, but he is now amply rewarded.

"Here," said he, "my enjoyments are rational, because they are natural. Domestic felicity is the purest joy nature affords, is the most conformable to reason, and I am blessed in the possession of it."

Charles, he is right; wisdom, acquired by experience, determined his choice.

Thus much for the gentleman: now for the ladies.

His wife, I fancy, is some years younger than her husband; is yet amiable in her person, contributes exceedingly to his happiness, by preferring their present situation, to the

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pleasure resulting from dress, equipage, and show. These, though once possessed, she has never once regretted the deprivation of, in the whole nine years she has passed in this retirement.

How shall I, Charles, describe their lovely daughter.

She is about seventeen, her height, as near the standard as imagination could desire. Her shape is symmetry itself; her complexion fair; her skin transparently clear; her eyes were formed by love, but innate virtue taught them how to look. When she speaks, the sweet sound thrills through every sense like harmonious music. Her mind too has been much improved by her parents care, for they love her tenderly; and she repays the debt with the most affectionate gratitude. I am sure her soul is worthy its elegant habitation; but of that more hereafter, when I am better acquainted.—Yet what hope can there be for such an expectation? To-morrow I must pursue my journey.—Perhaps never see Eliza more.—The thought, Charles, will to night keep awake your sincere friend,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

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HENRY WILLIAMS to CHARLES DOUGLAS.

Greenwood Farm.

ONCE more I write from this hospitable mansion, in which is contained the dearest object of my fond wishes. I rose early this morning, determined to contemplate alone the environs of this delightful spot. A little distance from the house I espied a woman spinning at the door of a cottage. I addressed her with "a good-morrow, you are early up dame."

"Lack-a-day, Sir," said she, "I cannot be up too early for the work I have to do. I have got three children, and no husband to help me to maintain them. Their father's dead, the worse luck for me; and yet I bless God for good friends too, Mr. Green, the gentleman of that house there, is a blessing to me, and all the poor people about. He will never let an industrious body want if he knows it; and his wife, God bless her, is in that case just like him. There is their daughter too, I believe she is an angel. Would you believe it? When I was sick, and like

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to die, she came into this little smoaky house, and made me good things with her own hands. I am sure if it had not been for her, I had not being now in the land of the living. But all this, Sir, is nothing at all to you; though, when I think of their goodness, I cannot help talking."

I told her it was a proof she had a good heart; and observed, as the young lady was so very desirable, she doubtless had many admirers. "Aye," said she, "every one that sees her, both gentle and simple. But Mr. Johnston, I fancy, will be the man; though I do not think he deserves her. He has got a power of money indeed, and is likely enough, but for all that it will not do. She, God bless her, is as gentle as a lamb, and would speak to any poor body; but he is so proud, and lofty, that all his tenants are afraid of him.—But may be you are acquainted with him, and he would be deadly angry with me if you was to tell him what I have been saying."

Teased the poor woman's apprehensions on that head, gave her half a crown, and left her in a state of wonder at my generosity.

When

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When I returned, Mr. Green was in his garden—indeed the house is surrounded with it. In the most friendly manner he bade me good morning, inquired how I had slept, and whether I was ready for breakfast. I told him it was too early to expect the ladies, and would rather wait their pleasure. He assured me they had been up some time, and were now waiting for us. We joined them at the tea-table, and, for a man in love, I made a hearty breakfast. The butter was excellent—how, indeed, could it be otherwise? It was made by the delicate hands of the lovely Eliza; I could have no pretence for staying longer, and was beginning to acknowledge my gratitude for their hospitality. Mr. Green interrupted me.

“If,” said he, “Sir, you think yourself obliged, return the obligation by passing the day with us. Yet, if your business is urgent, do not let my request have any force.”

With pleasure I accepted his invitation, and frankly gave him the following short history of myself.

“I have, Sir, been four years at Edinburgh College, am now returning to London,

in

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in obedience to my father's commands. He is possessed of a considerable fortune. I was twelve years his only son; my mother is dead; a second marriage has given me two brothers and a sister; and I am afraid has at least deducted from me three-fourths of my father's affection. At present I am utterly unacquainted with his intentions respecting my future destination; but am determined, if possible, implicitly to obey them; for well I know, though above twenty years old, he would think me presuming, if I offered to have a will of my own."

He seemed pleased with my frankness, commended my resolution, and proposed a fishing-party. Mr. Green, Eliza, and your friend, were soon equipped with rods—Mrs. Green did not go. The banks of the Tweed were delightfully pleasant, the day was fine, and we had excellent sport. Eliza hooked a salmon, but want of strength obliged her to quit the rod. I had the honour of drawing the fish ashore, after near an hour's exercise. Loaded with success, and keen appetites, (the certain consequence of fishing in the Tweed) we returned home. There was soon
plenty

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plenty on the table, and we sat down to dinner with as much familiarity, as if we had been old acquaintance. After a glass or two the ladies retired, and my benevolent host thus addressed me:

“Mr. Williams, there is a candour in your manner, which strongly prepossesses me in your favour. You are going to mix with a world which experience alone can make you acquainted with. Though self-interest is the ruling principle, it is a narrow sentiment that a generous mind cannot accord with, to treat every man as if we apprehended he was guided by that motive, notwithstanding experience justifies its propriety. My story will evince this assertion, and may be an useful lesson to you.”

I thanked him with real gratitude, and promised the strictest attention.—But I have already exceeded the bounds of a common letter, therefore shall defer the recital till another opportunity. Need I add you are remembered with a sincere affection, by

HENRY WILLIAMS

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HENRY WILLIAMS to CHARLES DOUGLAS.

Morpeth.

THIS morning I bade an affectionate adieu to the family at Greenwood. They obliged me to stay breakfast. I intreated Mr. Green's permission to write to him from London, and hinted, that I should think myself honoured, and favoured by his correspondence. He assured me I had prevented his making the same request. I know not how it happened, but our reluctance to part appeared mutual. I even thought a tear seemed ready to start from the gentle Eliza's eye. Mr. Green taking me by the hand, said, "God bless you, God bless you, Mr. Williams. Your sensibility does you honour, but watch it with the nicest circumspection; it is a dangerous virtue."

"Thank ye, thank ye, Sir," and off I rode. I would have been generous to the servants, but could not prevail on them to accept any token of it. From Greenwood to Woolerhaugh Head, the country is delightful. Tweed's gentle murmurs and its fertile

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tile banks, had no charms for me: Eliza's image alone had power to sooth and feed my melancholy. From Wooler to Morpeth, how changed the scene! A barren heath bounds almost all the prospects. I was often tempted to say with Zanga, "This suits the gloomy habit of my soul." It is very likely this letter will travel with me a stage or two farther, as I intend inclosing Mr. Green's narrative, and in all probability writing it will be more than one evening's employment. Adieu. That you may enjoy permanent happiness is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate friend,

H. WILLIAMS.

HENRY WILLIAMS to CHARLES DOUGLAS,

Stamford.

JUDGE of my friendship by the inclosed. It contains the history of Mr. Green's life; writing it has been my employment every evening since I left Morpeth. My memory, respecting facts, I am sure has been faithful, and the manner of relating them I believe does not vary much.—How should they? It was Eliza's father,—my idea could not lose the impression he stamped; and my heart must for ever retain the image of his lovely daughter; no time nor distance can erase from my mind's eye her faultless form; it still glides in my view, adorned with every native grace, replete with genuine dignity and unaffected ease; dear Charles pardon the involuntary raptures of your friend, for in the strictest sense of the word that character belongs to

H. WILLIAMS.

MR. GREEN'S HISTORY.

WHEN I was about twelve years old, I lost my father; my mother had been dead about seven years. I was the only pledge of their mutual love, of course was the object of their tenderest care; but my mother dying when I was so young, not even a trace of her caresses remained.

My father received from me an undivided affection. He was an eminent tobacco merchant, esteemed a man of integrity and strict honour; above acting basely himself, and, forming his judgment of mankind from his own heart, it is more than probable, that he was frequently imposed on. This he would have felt more considerably in his commercial dealings, if it had not been for Mr. Bredon, who was in partnership with him.

That man knew or acknowledged no God but gain; and yet so great was his hypocrisy, that he was deemed religious, because he attended church service strictly, and thought honest because he paid his debts; but in his heart there was not a single grain of real religion, or disinterested morality. He never

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was married, pretended great affection for me, vowed I should be his heir, and imposed that belief on my father. Fatal credulity? What a source of misfortune to me!

When I was eight years old, I was sent to a school about twenty miles from London; and at least once every month my father came to press me in his arms. Never was parental affection more fond, never was filial gratitude more intense. I continued there four years, and received the common improvements acquired in that period. My father generally came on a Saturday, and staid till Monday morning. I frequently used to walk a mile or two to meet him.

The day I expected him on arrived, and my impatience was uncommon. No sooner had we dined, than my eyes sought the road he used to come: my feet followed the impulse, and I was insensibly got above three miles from the house, when I perceived at a distance the horse he always rode. I ran to meet him, but my heart sunk within me when, instead of my father, I saw his servant. Alas, I knew not then that I should never see him more! He was dead, and had

left

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left Mr. Bredon executor in trust for me. I soon learned the mournful tidings, and my grief was equal to the affection I bore my revered parent. That evening I left the school, and never more returned. I saw the dear remains of my only friend interred, and shed over his grave a thousand tears. But at that season, Mr. Williams, impressions are not lasting.

Mr. Bredon directed a servant to attend me the round of shows, and public places of resort, about London. I was grateful for Mr. Bredon's attention; and, like my father, thought him honest, till dear-bought experience convinced me of my error.

About a month after my father's decease, taking me by the hand, "My dear Billy," said he, "it is now time to disclose my late worthy friend's directions to me respecting your future introduction to the world; and from your amiable disposition, I promise myself an unreluctant obedience."

An implicit promise of assent followed on my side; he seemed pleased, and proceeded.

"Your father, my dear, was not so rich as the world imagined; for though he was

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a man of good sense, he was often a dupe to designing knaves, I mention that only because it greatly lessened his fortune. However, what he left, and what I am possessed of, will enable you to begin the world with reputation and consequence."

I know not how it was, but I could not thank him for his intention.

"But, my dear Billy," continued he, "I have a hard task to go through—I must part with you for some years. It was your father's dying request that you should be sent to Virginia, and continue some time in a store, in order to acquire the rudiments of a business which he hoped you would prosecute. I shall long for your return, and doubt not making a considerable addition to your fortune during your absence."

Though I disliked the proposal, yet having promised obedience, I put the best face I could on the matter, and embarked, in about six weeks after, for that country. Nothing material happened in the voyage. I was received into the family of a Mr. Davis, to whom I was consigned by my guardian. His residence was about seventy miles

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miles up Rapahanock river. We were landed about the middle of May; the weather was warm, and I thought the country delightful. Fruit of every kind grew there in the greatest profusion, particularly cherries; even in common walks trees were loaded with them. Just come from sea, and incited by a childish appetite, I eat of them with greediness. The first effect was a surfeit, a fever and ague ensued. The treatment I received was far from kind; but youth, and a good constitution, prevailed. However, it was near six months before I was capable to receive the directions of Mr. Davis in his store.

He was illiterate, conceited, and ill-natured; unless to those who had art enough to pay incense to his vanity; and that was the only criterion by which he judged another person's understanding. Naturally of a meek disposition, I obeyed his orders with diligence and submission, however rudely conveyed; though I often shed tears when I drew the comparison betwixt the past and my present situation. I was with him near five years, but as nothing material happened during the remainder of that time, I shall pass it over.

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Mr. Bredon continued writing to me every year, and his letters contained unbounded expressions of friendship.

The care I took of the store with which Mr. Davis intrusted me, obliged him, for his own interest, to treat me with more gentleness than was natural to his disposition. He had been married to an amiable woman, by whom he had one daughter. On her death-bed she made him promise to send her dear Louisa to England for her education. He fulfilled the engagement; Louisa was sent to London about a year before I went abroad; and, having now attained her sixteenth year, was expected by her father with impatience. Louisa arrived.—How lovely did she seem! What a total change did she produce! Before I languished to be in England, now I dreaded an event that would rob me of viewing Louisa perhaps for ever.

Content with executing the duties of my office, I had paid little attention to the masterful of her father's character. I now saw clearly it was vanity. I loved his charming daughter. Every thing gave place to that passion; even sincerity lost its power. I soon

fed

fed him with adulation without reluctance. Indeed, his being the father of Louisa, added so much in my opinion to his merit, that he appeared to me quite another being. Mr. Davis was charmed with my complaisance, and, entirely unacquainted with the cause, conceived me worthy his confidence and esteem.

I was one day sitting in the store writing, when he came in, and leaning upon the desk opposite to me, "Mr. Green," said he, "You are a diligent, sober young man, and I am convinced of your possessing good sense, by the attention you have always paid to my advice. Now, knowing this myself, I think you should know more. Bredon, who professes himself so much your friend, is a great villain. He sent you to me as a poor orphan, whose friends had left him nothing; but I have since found, that your father died very rich. You was not here above a twelve-month, before I found that out; and ever since he has paid me thirty pounds a year for your board. You may perceive how much I talk against my own interest, by telling all this, since you may leave me whenever you think proper; but, in my opinion, you had better

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better stay till you are nearer of age, as you will then be a better judge how to recover your right; and, in future, you shall annually have the money doubled, that Bredon sends."

Love prevailed over interest: I consented with pleasure to stay, and was so profuse in my acknowledgments, that Mr. Davis was delighted with me. He went away quite satisfied with the confidence he had received, and the consequence it had produced; but when I seriously reflected on the matter, that my all was in the power of a designing villain, and by that means my future prospects clouded, my spirits lost their usual vivacity, and a kind of thoughtful melancholy took place. Need I tell you, Mr. Williams, the cause? It was not the loss of fortune alone I dreaded, but it was losing the hope of gaining Louisa. Mr. Davis was reputed worth twenty thousand pounds, and she was an only daughter; that reflection excluded every idea of success. The agitation of my mind affected my appetite. Louisa observed the alteration, and expressed the kindest solicitude about my health.

Confirmed

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Confirmed in the opinion that she never could be mine, I shunned the gentle maid, and only at meals was seen in the house. I slept in the store. Her father at this time was much from home.

One evening I was sitting by myself, lost in a crowd of imaginary ills, when the door opened, and Louisa came in adorned with youth, beauty and innocence, and attended by a female servant who had lived with her from her infancy.

"Your contemplations, Mr. Green," said she, "must be valuable, since you indulge them so much.—Do you know that I think a great deal of seriousness at your years, is by no means becoming? Were I your sister, you should discover the cause of this gloomy dejection."

I assured her she might command equally as so near a relation.

"Come then," said the lovely maid, "guard me home, and tell your doleful story by the way.—Jarvis," addressing herself to the maid, "keep your distance, Mr. Green shall not have two confidants."

I instantly

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I instantly resolved to gratify her curiosity, but was undetermined, respecting an explanation of the sentiments she had inspired me with. I related minutely my little story, and pointed out the necessity of not acquainting her father with the confidence I had reposed in her, without his permission. She acquiesced in that opinion, but ridiculed my fears respecting Bredon, whom, notwithstanding, she believed to be a villain.

"The laws of your country," said she, "will do you justice, and what hinders your going to England for redress? I fancy, Mr. Green, I am only half a confidant."

I owned the charge, and imputed my melancholy to hopeless love.

She blushed excessively, and wished to know the lady.

I stammered out—Louisa Davis.

She looked surprized, but not displeased.

Encouraged, I told an artless tale, the genuine feelings of an unexperienced heart. How first I felt the flame, what hopes and fears succeeded.

Louisa's heart was gentle as the evening breeze; she pitied my distress, and pity
grew

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grew to love. Bredon, fortune, ye were all forgot; love and Louisa was every thing to me! These indeed were halcyon days, but soon they vanished.

A gentleman of considerable fortune, whose name was Carrol, applied to Mr. Davis for his consent to marry his daughter. He was in raptures at the proposition, and assured him of success; but was exceedingly chagrined, when Louisa declared the most invincible repugnance to the match. How was I surprized when her father revealed the affair to me!

"What shall I do," he exclaimed, "with this ungrateful girl."

"Of whom do you complain, Sir?"

"Of whom! of my daughter, of whom else has a father to complain? The best match in the whole country has been offered her, and when I mentioned it to her, she begged as if her life had been at stake, that I would think no more of it; urged her youth, her affection for me; declared she could not leave me, and above all men disliked Mr. Carrol; said every thing to thwart my purpose, and yet express so much duty,

I could

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I could not show her how angry she had made me.—Do, dear Mr. Green, talk to her, persuade her out of this unaccountable opposition to her own good. Tell her my happiness depends upon her obedience: she will attend to what you say as a friend, though she is averse to oblige her father."

I was so much confounded, that he might have talked an hour without interruption; but perceiving he waited for an answer, I assured him inclination impelled me to do him every service in my power; yet was apprehensive my interest would be very insufficient, where he could not prevail.

"Well, well, do try, however," said he, "and if you can succeed you will make me a happy man, for my mind is set on the match.—I'll tell you a secret, Mr. Green, I am not above half so rich as the world supposes; and this match is better than she could expect, if I had as much as is thought—but that is between ourselves."

When he was tired with reiterating his request he left me, and though I had sufficient cause to be satisfied, yet a rival of such consequence produced a thousand apprehensions.

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sions. I was then almost nineteen years old ; Louisa was the only attachment my heart had ever known, and she was dearer to me than my existence ; I had unbounded confidence in her fidelity, but Carrol's fortune, and her father's inclination, my fears considered as unsurmountable obstacles.

I went home with a palpitating heart ; Louisa was in the garden in a shady walk. I saw the charming maid ! How lovely did she appear ! I forgot Carrol, her father, Bredon, and every anxious care. I saw her melancholy, thoughtful, and wiping a tear from her eye, and knowing the cause, all my soul was love and rapture.

She received me in a manner which, if I had not previously talked with her father, would have alarmed me. I pressed her to divulge the cause, and was without hesitation informed.

" I cannot marry Carrol," said the sweet girl ; " and yet to disappoint the fond raised hopes of a kind father, gives great uneasiness."

I related what he had told me, and the commission I was charged with.

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“My poor father,” said she, “how do we deceive him! A dupe to his own credulity, he leads you into the paths of insincerity. —But, come, execute your commission, teach me how to love this Carrol, and enable me to make happy my father.”

“Too well you know, lovely Louisa, I never can plead for another. Supremely happy by the amiable returns my ardent passion has received, I would not part with the hopes they produce, for all the wealth contained in Peru’s boasted mines; but your happiness is my first, my greatest care. Were the prospect of being united to Louisa at an end, life would not be worth enjoying. Carrol’s large fortune would answer all the demands of dress, attendance, show; and might gratify each desire that vanity can raise; but these not constituting any part of true happiness, why need I urge them in his favour, or why assign that as a reason for Louisa’s acceptance, which I know her generous soul despises?” In short, so ill did I that evening obey Mr. Davis, in pleading the cause I was sent upon, that, before I left his charming daughter, we exchanged

VOWS

vows of never-ending constancy towards each other.

He enquired next morning what success I had, and whether there was reason to suppose she would conform to his advice. I told him Louisa seemed offended that I attempted to speak on a subject which did not belong to me; that I excused myself from the friendship and gratitude I felt for him; and not having it in my power to use any other arguments in favour of the gentleman (who was totally unknown to me) I had pointed out to her the advantages which resulted from the possession of wealth, and the pleasure he would receive by seeing her enjoy it; that she declared her father's happiness was an argument which had great force, but was assured that the marriage proposed would have a contrary effect; and that her compliance would make her miserable.

He was surprised, he said, at her folly. The gentleman proposed was rich, personable, not unsuitable respecting age, and sure there was nothing but her wayward disposition, could prevent a marriage both desirable and prudent.

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I offered no objections, but advised him to avoid being too precipitate: observed to him, that his daughter was yet very young; that possibly, after a longer acquaintance, she might alter her opinion, and obey him from inclination; that Mr. Carrol's assiduity and constant endeavour to please, might in time produce an unreluctant consent; that a real union in that case would be effected, harmony be the source of mutual happiness to them, and afford him unalloyed satisfaction.

"Well, well," said Mr. Davis, "we shall see; but I do not like this waiting. Many accidents happen between the cup and the lip. It has always been my way of thinking, never to delay till to-morrow, what might be done to-day; especially where the performance of it was doing myself essential service."

Much more was said on the same subject. Indeed, so totally were his ideas engrossed with it, that nothing else was talked of.

In a few days, however, Mr. Carrol came to talk for himself. You may be sure I remarked him with attention. He had but few personal qualifications to give me uneasiness. His form was bulky, not graceful,
and

and had more the appearance of strength than agility. On viewing him, one was naturally led to say, fortune seems to have defeated the intentions of nature : there is more of the porter in that figure than the gentleman. There was also an austerity in his countenance that betrayed an inward severity, I thought it spoke this language : " Whoever is connected with me, must obey me ; my will must be the sovereign cause of every act ; and neither my commands, nor opinion, must be disputed." Arrogance and self-importance are seldom hypocrites ; the face is marked with their impression, and an indifferent physiognomist may, from its lineaments, discern the disposition of the mind.

Such was Mr. Carrol's real character ; and the sentiments he inspired Louisa with, were dread and apprehension. Naturally timid and diffident, her mind considered him with antipathy and disgust ; but this he had too good an opinion of himself to perceive. I dined with him, but was not of consequence enough to be taken notice of ; nay, he scarcely condescended to return any complaisance. I paid him whilst at table ; and when he did,

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it was with an air so supercilious, as rendered him exceedingly disagreeable.

Immediately after dinner I quitted the room, and went into the store. Mr. Davis soon followed me, and left Louisa to receive the addresses of a man she detested.

Carrol availed himself of the opportunity of his being alone with her, and informed her that, having some time determined to marry, he was naturally led to think where he should fix his choice: that, after the most mature deliberation, she was the person whom his fancy and judgment approved; that his resolution being formed, he had applied to her father, who had given his consent, and his visit then was to obtain hers. "That granted," continued he, "we will settle the time for performing the ceremony, which I would chuse should be soon, for I want a mistress to look after my family; and there are few housekeepers can be trusted. What say you, miss, is it a bargain? Come, let us seal it with a kiss."

Frightened by his advance, she intreated him to be seated; observed, that marriage was a matter of too much consequence to be
so

so suddenly determined on; and added, that she was too young to enter into an engagement so serious; was incapable, for want of experience, of conducting with propriety the affairs of a family, and felt the utmost repugnance to parting with her father. He endeavoured in vain to obviate her objections, which he imputed solely to her youth, and native modesty. When he left her he was not at all dissatisfied, firmly believing a few more visits would remove all her scruples. His pride gave him an air of content, which satisfied her father, and made him quite happy in the prospect of his favourite scheme taking place. The joy he expressed filled me with anxiety, which Louisa soon removed by an exact account of every thing that passed. Carrol continued his visits without making any progress: on the contrary, as his character opened, her aversion increased.

A ship arriving which brought an account of Bredon's death, it became absolutely necessary for me to return to England. But how could I leave Louisa, importuned by a rival, and that rival favoured by her father? I dreaded a parting, that my fears boded
 would

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would be for ever. Though I received every assurance that love and fidelity could frame, yet they were incapable of dispelling my apprehensions, and nothing but a private marriage appeared a sufficient security. To this substantial proof of her affection, Louisa at last consented : and, two days before I left Virginia, a clergyman from Brae's church performed the ceremony. It was not till after I had told him of my affairs with the most unlimited confidence, that he would be prevailed on to unite us : and I believe, at last, an invincible dislike to Carrol was the most prevailing motive. Be it as it will, Louisa was mine, and every other care was lost in that single reflection. Her faithful maid, and a friend of the clergyman's, were the only persons present at the ceremony. It was conducted without the least suspicion. My transports on the occasion were too great to admit of any description ; but Louisa, though exquisitely happy, was yet thoughtful and melancholy. With the most tender anxiety I pressed to know the cause.

"Alas ! said she, to what purpose hath mutual affection united our hearts, and a
sacred

sacred ceremony our hands, if in a little time vast seas must divide us? I do not repent the proof I have just given you of my love and esteem, but I dread the consequence. An exasperated father! how shall I be able to bear his reproaches? When you are gone, what may I not suffer?"

To no purpose I endeavoured to calm her uneasiness; it increased in its power, and clouded all our joy. A thought struck me which I immediately communicated.

"What hinders your going home with me, my dear Louisa? Love shall make ample amends for any loss of fortune you may sustain, and Mr. Davis may perhaps be more easily reconciled at a distance than if you were at home."

Few arguments were necessary to prevail; love triumphed, and we were supremely blest,

The ship I had engaged a passage in, lay at Urbana, a little town about five miles from the entrance of the river. Mr. Davis had a sister lived near that place. I was to go down in a small vessel, and Louisa petitioned her father for liberty to visit her aunt; which,

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which, without much reluctance, he gave his consent to.

The day arrived, I bade Mr. Davis adieu, and naturally of a tender disposition, tears testified my regret at parting. Such susceptibility was a compliment Mr. Davis had not been used to, and it did not fail to make a proper impression. He repeatedly requested me to return when I had settled my affairs, and said, (little suspecting how properly he applied the appellation) that he loved me as his son.

Mrs. Jarvis attended Louisa. We got aboard a few hours before the ship sailed; and the captain having no reason to believe but Louisa was going to England with her father's consent, was perfectly easy on that head. We were transported with our success. The wind blew a fine gale from the north-west, and in a few hours we lost sight of Virginia Capes. Then it was I informed captain Wilmot that Louisa was my wife. He seemed very much surprised, and insisted that I should draw up an affidavit of his innocence in the whole affair. This I readily complied with, and good humour again took place.

place. Elated with success, as every difficulty was surmounted, my mind was tuned to harmony. Louisa's tender caresses made life an elizium, and every hour was devoted to love and rapture.

Unfortunately for us, the ship being a fast sailer, did not wait for convoy; and when, by captain Wilmot's reconing, we were not above fifty leagues from the land, a French privateer obliged us to strike, and carried us to Bourdeaux. We continued there prisoners at large three quarters of a year; in that time almost all our little stock of money was expended; but, notwithstanding an approaching prospect of want, unabated love surmounted every anxiety on that account.

A French nobleman saw and admired Louisa, enquired where we lodged, and bribed our landlady to assist him in seducing her. She spurned the splendid offers which were made with disdain; and he, by an uncommon act of generosity, finding her virtuous from principle, procured us both our liberty.

We sailed in a neutral ship, and arrived at Rotterdam in little more than a week;
from

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from thence we got a passage for England, and were landed at Gravesend.

We had now not above three guineas left, were uncertain where to procure more, and necessity made us frugal.

We took a lodging near Thames-Street at a small price, not far distant from the house where my father and Mr. Bredon had lived. I soon learned that a person who was supposed to be a natural son, was in possession of all his effects. I immediately applied to an eminent counsellor, told him my story, begged his advice, and ingenuously added to it the present state of my finances. He desired me to call again in a day or two. In the mean time he examined my father's will in the Commons, and finding it agree with my account, as also that Mr. Bredon's heir was reputed to be rich, he had not the least doubt, he said, of getting my right restored. He wrote to him, but my demand was laughed at, on which a suit in Chancery was commenced, and I got a friend to advance me money for my present subsistence. In little more than twelvemonths a decision was obtained in my favour, and after every expence

pence was paid, I found myself possessed of ten thousand pounds, and Louisa soon after, to compleat our joy, made me a present of a daughter.

How happy were we! Nothing now but a reconciliation with her father, was wanting to make us compleatly so, and that I did not despair of effecting.

On our leaving Virginia, each of us wrote him a letter in the most submissive style, and urged every possible plea to deprecate his anger. We received no answer, but was informed that he made many enquiries concerning our situation: the birth of a daughter, and a fortune recovered, were agreeable subjects, and flattered our hopes. We acquainted him with these particulars, implored his forgiveness, and promised the most unreserved obedience in future. After waiting impatiently for his answer, it arrived, and exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

"Come, my children," said he, "add a glimpse of light to the evening of my days, and bring me my grandchild that I may fold her in my arms: hasten over, receive my blessing and forgiveness."

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It was in October when we received such an agreeable request, and prepared to comply with it in the March following.

Determined, in the mean time, to enjoy the amusements which the town afforded in the winter season, I took genteel lodgings near Grosvenor-Square, hired a carriage with necessary servants, and was soon initiated into the mysteries of fashionable recreation.

Though love never lost its power, yet this state of dissipation disturbed its tranquility. How different indeed are the pleasures which nature and reason afford, when compared with those that custom and fashion prescribe, and which are followed with so much avidity! The one is easy in the attainment, placid in the possession, suitable in every degree to produce all the happiness our present state will admit; the other turbulent and fluctuating, hard to be attained, and unsatisfactory when enjoyed.

We contracted some acquaintance who introduced us to fashionable card parties, and in a few months we were tolerable adepts in the reigning follies of the town.

My

My father, you may remember, had an unsuspicious mind; in that particular my character was similar. I became a dupe to the artifice of sharpers, whom my inexperience, and native candour, made me suppose men of fortune. In short, before five months were expired, I had acquired some knowledge of the fashionable world, and bought my experience at no less expence than four thousand pounds. The residue of my fortune I put in the public funds, and embarked with my family for Virginia.

We arrived there after a pleasant voyage, anxiously impatient to embrace and receive the forgiveness of a father, whom Louisa loved affectionately; but we were too late to receive that satisfaction; he was buried two days before our arrival. I found it difficult to comfort his amiable daughter on this afflicting event. Such a disappointment to her high-raised expectations, produced the most poignant grief. But time, my attention, and the little Eliza's prattle, at length restored her tranquility.

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Mr. Davis had made a provision of five thousand pounds to his grandchild, the residue he bequeathed to his daughter.

We continued in that country three years, when, for many reasons, we bade it adieu for ever.

Mr. Carrol had treated me with contempt at a public meeting, and as I did not want courage, I was rash enough to challenge him. We met, a shot broke the bone of his right arm, the combat ended, and I was conqueror; but he bore me an invincible animosity ever afterwards. We liked Britain better, and our daughter's education was an object which we deemed of consequence. The plantations were sold, and from the whole of Mr. Davis's effects, we realized twelve thousand pounds.

I was advised to purchase a cargo of tobacco, and approving the advice, laid out six thousand pounds in the purchase. After seeing it aboard, in about two months afterwards we embarked in another ship for England. I took about one thousand in cash with me, and left a power with a man of esteemed probity, to receive and remit the remainder

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remainder in whatever manner he might deem the most advantageous.

On our arrival in England, the first news I heard was the wreck of the ship in which my tobacco was embarked. The whole cargo was lost, and only two mens lives were saved. I was greatly affected at a loss so considerable. The person who gave me the account, did not know how deeply it concerned me; but Louisa, who was present, knew it, and felt most tenderly for the affliction it gave me. She used every argument to alleviate my grief. "Have we not," said she, "a sufficiency left for rational enjoyments? We will not live in London; no more join in scenes of dissipation, but partake of the blessings of the country."

I tenderly embraced her, and became resigned to my loss.

There remained in the funds, and in my possession, upwards of six thousand pounds, and I had as much to receive from Virginia. Possessed of a wife whom I fondly loved, and who made me the most affectionate returns; a little daughter whom we both doted on; whose situation had I occasion to envy? A

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retrospect soon convinced me I was one of the happiest of mankind. The reflection made me chearful, and my loss was forgotten.

Louisa's mother having been born in this county, Northumberland, we determined to visit it; and, if her relations could be found, settle amongst them and enjoy the pleasures of domestic peace. We only waited for our remittances from Virginia; but we waited in vain. The man, whose honesty before was unimpeached, fell beneath the temptation; he received the money, and, instead of remitting it, gave up his friends, character, and country. He is now in France or Italy, enjoying the fruits of his villainy. But how dear-bought must his enjoyment be, where his honour and conscience is bartered for the purchase!

Our fortune thus reduced, we quitted the town without hesitation, and enquired to no purpose for Louisa's relations. It was about the latter end of spring when we arrived here. The country charmed me. This farm was to be sold, I purchased it, and would not now change my situation for all that wealth or power can bestow. My Louisa is as dear

dear to me as ever, esteem and an affectionate friendship is blended with our love, and if there is less ardor, there is more tranquility. My Eliza too is every thing my partial fancy could wish her.

The lesson, Mr. Williams, I would have you learn from my story is ; never be decoyed by vice, though drest in the garb of fashion ; and avoid being accessary to the eternal ruin of any fellow mortal, by reposing too important a confidence in his honesty. Whatever trials you meet with receive them with patience, and remember that virtue remotely, if not immediately, is sure to bring with it its own reward.

He ceased speaking, but the benevolence and serenity of his mind still spoke in his countenance. I thanked him with the utmost sincerity, and faithfully promised to follow the injunctions he inculcated. The ladies soon after joined us, and we passed an agreeable evening.

By my readiness in giving you this history of Mr. Green, you will have a proof how much your pleasure and amusement is attended to by,

Your sincere friend,

H. WILLIAMS.

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HENRY WILLIAMS to CHARLES DOUGLAS.

London.

HERE I am in my father's house. I arrived last night, and my reception was at least equal to my expectation. They had a good deal of company: Thomas, an old servant, knew me, and ran with the intelligence to his master. He came to an outer room, where I waited, shook me heartily by the hand, and declared, if he had met me in the street, he should not have known me.

"Why, Harry," said he, "you are grown quite a man."

I told him I was of an age which almost warranted that appellation.

"Aye," said he, "I have no doubt but you think so. But come, Mrs. Williams wishes to see you."

I followed my father, and found my mother engaged at quadrille.

"My dear," said he, "~~how~~ is Harry come to pay his duty.—He is just arrived from Edinburgh."

"Upon my word," said she, eyeing me, "he is grown a fine youth. I am glad to see you, Sir."

I went

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I went forward, and saluted her, and imagined I did right, for she appeared in perfect good humour. Indeed her cards were lucky, and perhaps that might be the cause.

My father asked me many questions, and I had the satisfaction to perceive he was pleased with my answers. When supper was over, as I really was fatigued, I begged leave to retire.

The next morning, after breakfast, "Well, Harry," said my father, "I dare believe you are not sorry, that I have thought it full time to call you from the study of books to the exercise of some profession; and pray tell me now, what does your inclination lead to?"

I assured him the vacancy in my will was left for him to fill up, and that he might depend on my ready obedience.

"Spoken like a good son," replied my father, "the profession I intend you for is an honourable one: It is in the army. I am promised a pair of colours; and the commission, I believe, awaits your acceptance, What think you of a red coat, Harry?"

My

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My chearful assent pleased him; how far it will have the same effect on me, time alone can determine. I am not apt to judge uncharitably; but I am pretty certain this army-scheme is my mother-in-law's contriving. A bullet, well directed, would make an excellent vacancy in the paternal estate for her son. I hope I am mistaken, for she behaves quite in the maternal taste, and is very busy directing a competent share of those necessities which fall under female direction. In return I am very fond of the children, play with them, and truly love them; in short, we seem to be all pleased, and all happy; I say seem—though, perhaps, I might be really so, did not the sweet image of Eliza intervene, surrounded with a thousand fears, and counterballanced by very few hopes. Whilst existence remains, the charming maid must be loved by,

Your sincere friend,

H. WILLIAMS.

CHARLES DOUGLAS to HENRY WILLIAMS.

Edinburgh.

YOU can have no doubt of my esteem, therefore I may venture the following assertion.

When the avocations of life intervene, and by their different pursuits separate two persons whom parity of sentiments had united in the strictest bonds of friendship, though they feelingly regret the loss sustained, yet it is productive of real advantage. For instance: We were at college four years together. A trifling incident made us friends, and a sympathy of thinking confirmed the attachment. Our ideas, indeed, respecting happiness, and the mode of attaining it, were not always similar; but our notions of honour, our sentiments of virtue, and our feelings of humanity, were the same: our interests were blended together, our amusements we mutually partook of; and in money-matters we despised the narrow distinction of separate property. Our future prospects, it is true, were different.—Born heir to an estate in Wales, and formed by nature for domestic,

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domestic, social life, you looked forward to the duties of husband, father, and neighbour, as characters which, when properly filled, connect in them the highest enjoyments a rational being can possess. Delighted with the view of serene, tranquil, and inoffensive pleasure, you laughed at the dreams of ambition, and pitied the infatuated candidates for power. Neither did the heroes page in history arouse in your breast any martial ardor; nor prompt one wish to be enrolled in the lists of fame.

My views indeed was different. A younger son of an ancient family, and no fortune to expect, a thirst for military fame grew with my years, and even reason, as well as constitution, approved the inclination. My imagination glowed while dwelling on themes of past, and planning schemes for future glory. Owing to that taste, at the very season of life when a passion for the softer sex is generally predominant, my heart became insensible to the charms of beauty. When history made me acquainted with an Hannibal at Capua, a Mark Antony in Egypt, an Alexander at Persepolis, and innumerable other instances, my breast

breast was steeled against the entrance of soft desires. With all the enthusiasm which my favourite passion produced, how often have I exclaimed; avaunt, love, with all thy fascinating train of young desires, delusive joys, and trifling dalliances! Captivated by thy power, the hero becomes effeminate, and instead of being impelled by a noble thirst for fame, to perform godlike actions, he is taught like Alcides, to sigh away his hours at the feet of some imperious beauty.

You see, our pictures, from sixteen to twenty, were neither, in countenance or complexion, alike; but then our souls were congenial.

To prove the position I set out with—— Your correspondence delights me: nay, I am not sure, that my mind does not receive it with more complacency, than your conversation. Absence and adversity are held to be criterions to try friendship and love. Let the exactness of our epistolary intercourse prove, that our esteem is fixed on too sure a basis, for either to overthrow.

There is something romantic in your meeting with Mr. Green's family. I admire

F

the
vice,

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the parents, but I am charmed with Eliza : it was the pencil of Love that drew her portrait. I am acquainted with Mr. Johnston, your rival, and think he is not much to be dreaded.

The pains you have taken to amuse me with Mr. Green's history, is too flattering not to deserve my sincere thanks ; but that is a term we exploded, and is, besides, too narrow to convey the sentiments of,

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

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CHARLES DOUGLAS to HENRY WILLIAMS,

Douglas Seat.

TO what cause shall we ascribe the almost general maxim, that the situation Providence has allotted us seldom satisfies our wishes? The gentleness of your disposition, enables you to obey your father, and engage in a profession every way unfit for your turn of mind. What would be supreme delight to me, you accept with reluctance. On the other hand, my family press me unanimously to take orders. My father has a living to dispose of, and they wish to see me in possession of it. But finding no clerical call within myself, to my father, who is a religious man, I make a matter of conscience of it: the argument is too powerful to be opposed; he gives it up, but in a manner that shews how much he is disappointed. My mother powerfully pleads by the expressive rhetoric of maternal tears. I would obey their demand, but that is impossible: nature never designed me for the church. My brother, a little proud of his birthright, is rather too assuming. I smile when he dictates his ad-

vice, and his vanity becomes offended at my arrogance.

My father has solicited his friends for a commission, and if he does not succeed, I am to go over to Flanders a volunteer, under the auspices of I—d C——d. Amongst the gratifications this excursion promises to hope, that of seeing my friend is not the least. But how changed ! Not in friendship, that is impossible, for its stability is durable as my existence.—How very malicious the little urchin is !—“ Ha !” you say, “ what, my insensible friend caught at last !—He is indeed.—Your rival’s sister, Sophia Johnston—I saw, I gazed, admired, and loved. Oh, she is every thing that hope could wish, or fancy could desire ! Her lovely person beggars all description. The mildness of her disposition smiles in her face, the graces court her for their companion, and modesty has marked her for her own. Yet she is sportive, from conscious innocence and glowing health.—Need I add any more accomplishments to make my friend admire her ?—Yes, there is one, for which he will be almost compelled to love her. She is the friend and confidant of your Eliza.

Mr.

Mr. Johnston, and his charming sister, were visiting at my father's when I came into the country. My brother he is exceeding intimate with, and it is intended Sophia shall make them relations. In short, Jack has every one's consent to the match, but the party who is most nearly concerned; and she positively declares her dissent.

You have been at Douglas Seat. Having passed my earliest days there, unalloyed by care, I am enamoured with its situation. Its woods, its garden, the river that passes it, the rookery behind it, even the cawing of the rooks, though far from an agreeable sound, waked me with delight; they recalled to my memory my former playful hours. I hurried out of bed to enjoy the scene, in all the luxury of fond recollection. Into the garden I went in the most happy temperament of mind, and at the bottom of the walk, with Thomson's Seasons in her hand, equally happy, sat the lovely Sophia.

I had arrived late the night before, and was utterly unacquainted what company were in the house. Recollect what you felt, when first enraptured you beheld Eliza, and suppose me in the same situation.

As I drew near the arbour where she was reading, I stopt, was transported; approaching still nearer, insensibly I trod on the grass as light as if I feared the rustling of a leaf would make her vanish.—She looked up—what eyes!—She seemed surprized.—With much difficulty I apologized for my intrusion, and informed her who I was.

“And have you,” said she, “forgot your old acquaintance and play-mate Sophy Johnston?”

“Indeed, miss, your form is so much altered since I had that pleasure, that my eyes did not immediately recognize it, but my heart acknowledged its friend immediately.”

“Indeed,” returned she, “I knew you instantly; you are so like Mrs. Douglas, I could not be mistaken.”

Do you know, Harry, that observation gave me pleasure, for my mother has been thought very handsome. It was not vanity; no, my heart was concerned, and her approbation of my person was flattering.

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To what a length have I protracted this letter! But I will not believe that I have tired your patience; on the contrary, I am convinced you read with pleasure whatever is written by

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

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CHARLES DOUGLAS to HENRY WILLIAMS.

Douglas Seat.

A Month hence I bid adieu to this country, and all the scenes of simple nature, where the footsteps of luxury, or ambition, scarcely ever trod; where the peaceful cottagers eat the bread of industry, and sleep in undisturbed security. How amazing must the transition be, though my soul longs to join the camp, and as an individual aid my country's cause. Neither do I fear, if ever tried in arms, that I shall act unworthy of my gallant ancestors. Yet nature is a powerful advocate; here is her seat undefiled by art. Though fired with ardor to go, reluctant I shall quit it. My mother too, from fond affection, fears she never more shall see her son. What duty, what obedience, do I owe her! Ah, you say, is there no other cause that damps your ardor for the field? Yes, Williams, there is Sophia.—But fate has decreed it otherwise, else she has power to charm me for ever here.

In my last I informed you of our accidental meeting. Reserve on both sides soon wore off;

off; she told me her brother and mine were rode out together, and acquainted me of their family's agreement relative to a marriage betwixt her and my brother Jack.

"I have hitherto," said she, "been solicited to no purpose, and should now be glad to have your opinion on this subject."

That moment taught me that I loved. A quick succession of ideas, prevented my returning an immediate answer.

"Come," said she, "you are mustering all your arguments together in favour of your brother, but I do not think they will prevail."

"Indeed, madam," I answered, "you are mistaken; I have not thought of one argument in his favour, neither do I think any can be advanced with propriety, unless your inclination approved of him. He is the heir of an ancient family, and will be possessed of a good estate; that prudence may remark. — That he is genteel, handsome, and agreeable, partial fancy may point out; that he is temperate, good humoured, and honourable, paternal friendship might insist on. Though all this is true, to what purpose do I inform

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inform you of it, unless your heart had before determined in his favour? This is an effect, I believe, seldom produced by argument; love is the result of our own opinion, and seldom needs any extra aid."

"Upon my word," said she, "you are the only person in both families who has said any thing to the purpose on the subject.—But here let it end, we will have no more of it, and I am sure I never will have him."

"My poor brother," I exclaimed, "how I pity you! Some more fortunate man, perhaps, triumphs in the possession of a heart, he must ever despair of."

"Really no," said she, "my heart is not yet disposed of.—But, putting hearts out of the question, did you know a Mr. Williams at college?"

"My much esteemed friend," I told her.

"I'm glad of that," said Sophia, "An amiable acquaintance gave me a flattering character of this Williams. Come, describe him to me."

I obeyed—then asked her if the lady's name was Green.

"Why,

"Why, yes," replied she: "but how came you to stumble upon it so readily?"

I informed her, and mentioned the sentiments you entertained for her friend.

She did not wonder at that, she said, for Eliza was the loveliest girl in the whole country. "Though, added she, upon recollection, it is unlucky, for I'm half inclined to be in love with him myself; but it is all over with me now. Whoever once attaches himself to Eliza, will never meet with any temptation to excuse him for inconstancy."

My father appearing in the walk, put an end to our morning's conversation, and my paper reminds me that it is time to conclude my epistle. I will only add then, that I am

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

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HENRY WILLIAMS to Mr. GREEN.

London.

GREENWOOD Farm is forever present to my imagination. I see its hospitable owners, feel their kindness, retain a fond idea of their friendship, and, admiring their virtues, hope to deserve a continuance of it. Yes, Sir, the few happy hours I passed with your family are marked in my memory as the most delightful my mind ever knew, and retains with gratitude the instructive lessons it there learned.

By making you acquainted with the plan my father designs me to execute. I shall not only fulfil a promise made, but likewise gratify an inclination to which my whole will assents.

The army is the plan; yesterday I received my commission, and I am now ensign Williams, in B——'s regiment. I will own, Sir, that obedience to a father's determination is the only cause of accepting it. Very unfuitable is the profession to my ideas of happiness. Not that I feel myself appalled by the prospect of danger; but the tumults of
ambitious

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ambitious fame, have for me no charms. The turbulence of camps, the noise of arms, and all the martial instruments of war afford me no delight. But, by duty impelled, I will endeavour to conform my ideas to my profession, and may perhaps find myself more satisfied, than expectation promises. Think not, dear Sir, that I wish to remain inactive; I have desires to be useful, but my plan is very different. You have adopted it at Greenwood, and at this moment your indigent neighbours feel its salutary effects.

In a fortnight I am to embark for Holland, and from thence shall, with as much expedition as possible, join my regiment.

May I hope for the pleasure of hearing from Greenwood once before I leave this country? You can hardly conceive how my heart is interested in your concerns: let me endeavour to describe its feelings. I revere, esteem, and reverence Mr. Green; I admire, and affectionately respect his amiable wife; but my heart doats on his charming daughter. Why should I be ashamed to tell Eliza's father that I love her more than life; that her image is engraved on my heart; and that,

G

from

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from thence, neither time, distance, or absence, can erase it? Hope, sometimes, feeds my fond fancy—but how transient the delusion! Eliza's happiness is the chief object of my fond solicitude. Let that be insured, and my most ardent wish will be gratified. To convince me that you are not offended with this declaration, pray make my most respectful compliments, and think favourably of,

Sir, your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

H. WILLIAMS.

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HENRY WILLIAMS to CHARLES DOUGLAS.

London.

WHAT unexpected events is the life of man chequered with! Who would have imagined, when I bade you adieu in Edinburgh, that, in a few months afterwards, we should meet in Flanders? Yet this, in all probability, will be the case. A few days hence I embark, in order to join my regiment; and your last account gives me the pleasing hope, of soon seeing my friend in the same scene of action. That you should so suddenly lift yourself under the banner of Cupid, is equally unexpected. Yours, mine, indeed, was an acquired, not a constitutional coldness to female attraction. Love and nature cannot, at the age of twenty, be opposed with impunity. What an adventure! I was delighted with your description of it, and pronounce your Sophia an amiable girl. Do you ask me from what part of her character I form my opinion? My conclusion is absolute, she is Eliza's friend: in that one instance I see her possessed of every virtue to

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insure affection, and every accomplishment to excite love. How delicious the passion; how grateful, how transporting, the hopes attendant on it! Even its fears have their charms to a susceptible mind. But how remote are our views!—Oh, if they should be allotted, in the circling period of future years, to join their destiny with ours, what raptures shall we partake of!—Ecstatic thought!

Dear Charles, contrive to see Greenwood Farm before you quit Scotland. Tell the amiable family who inherit it, that, by my request, you make the visit. They know how much I esteem, love, and respect them. To Mr. Green I have made a candid avowal of my passion, without framing to myself any conclusion from the declaration. Eliza has spoken favourably of me—Enchanting reflection!—But you will see her, hear her speak, and must admire her. Mention your friend, and observe whether hope has any thing to feed on: the artless heart of Eliza cannot hide its feelings. I am convinced you will, with pleasure, execute this favourite request, and *that* conviction affords me the most agreeable reflections.

My

My father's house, and manner of living, are so very much altered, that I find it difficult to persuade myself that I am at home. We never meet at breakfast before eleven, dine at five, and, to oblige Mrs. Williams, we must engage with card parties till two or three in the morning. The ascendancy she has acquired over my father is astonishing; infinitely more so, as he is rather positive in his opinion to every one else. He was formerly a zealous admirer of old English hospitality, plain food, and reasonable hours; but that scheme is exchanged for unmeaning ceremony, made dishes, and nocturnal follies. In short, the whole order of nature seems to be inverted. I am sure he is not happy, but my mother's empire is absolute: passive obedience and non-resistance are doctrines he must submit to. She is young and handsome, and since her marriage has had a considerable fortune left her. My father doats on her: is it a wonder then his will is regulated by her opinion? I am afraid all the love is on his side: pursuing dissipation with avidity, is no proof of domestic felicity. My pleasures must have a more pure, a more

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rational source. She laughs immoderately at my rustic manner of thinking, and vows her boys never shall go to a college. The properest education for gentlemen, she affirms, is studying the manners of polite company. Whenever we differ in opinion, I allow her the victory; by that means I am almost a favourite. Adieu, till we meet in Flanders. Be assured that you possess the esteem of

H. WILLIAMS.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

HOW is my sweet friend, my companion, my sister?—"Hold," you say; "I have no prepossessions in favour of your brother."—I believe not, and am not sorry for it: he does not deserve a heart like yours. Rough, boisterous, impetuous, and self-sufficient as he is, your gentle disposition would be very improperly matched.—But tell me, Eliza, does not your heart flutter when you think of Henry? That is the name, I believe, the godfathers of Mr. Williams bestowed on him. Henry and Eliza, I think, sound very well together. Has his graceful form, and attractive manner, really raised a bustle in the gentle breast of Eliza? Are you not ready to say with Marcia, "He is the loveliest youth that ever warmed a virgin's heart!" Have you not a thousand apprehensions that he beheld you with indifference? Come, never fear girl: the man who can view you without emotion must be insensible, and that is not
a part

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a part of his character; to my certain knowledge he has declared a passion for a lady of your acquaintance in the most lively terms. Your curiosity is eager, and I will not delay gratifying it.—Eliza Green is the lovely object of his ardent vows.—I see a blush overspread that innocent face of yours. I hear you say, “Do not jest with me, Sophia; you never saw Mr. Williams, how then can you be acquainted with his sentiments?”—The manner how you shall know. Listen, Eliza, I have a story to unfold.—Yet there is nothing in it wonderful, nothing very strange. I have some reason to think I am caught as well as you—not with your admirer, but with his friend Charles Douglas. You know I have been solicited to accept of his brother; I did not like him before, and now he will not do on any account.

We were on a visit at Douglas Seat. I rose early one morning, and with Thomson's Seasons in my hand, sallied into the garden. I sat down in an arbour, delighted with my author, whose benevolent heart may be discovered in every page; when, casting my eye up the walk, which my seat terminated,

I stole

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I stole a view of a very handsome youth.—
Stole! Did I say? Yes, for I am much mistaken if he knew I had perceived him. My eyes intent on the book, he had an excellent opportunity of gazing without interruption. At last, beginning to fear that he was gone without taking notice of me, I ventured to look up, and very near me, in an attitude of admiration, stood the graceful Charles Douglas. We were acquainted when children. He informed me who he was; I returned the compliment, and we were in five minutes as familiar as if neither time or distance had interrupted our intimacy.—He talked—just as I would have had him. I wished to know his opinion of the match proposed betwixt our families, and with pleasure observed his apprehensions.—The answer he gave me was candid and generous. He loves me, Eliza! And, if I can form a right judgment of myself, he will have no reason to complain of my indifference.

You will wonder, perhaps, when I tell you, that Mr. Williams was the cause that introduced this account.—“What of him?”

—Why,

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—Why, he corresponds, without reserve, with Charles Douglas. Eliza is his theme, and love, and the lovely Eliza, is the burden then of his song.

Adieu. That you may be supremely happy, is the ardent wish of,

Your affectionate,

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

You will wonder, perhaps, when I tell you, that Mr. Williams was the cause that introduced this account. — What of him? — Why,

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MR. GREEN to HENRY WILLIAMS.

Greenwood Farm.

YOUR kind remembrance of a common act of civility, which gave a beginning to your acquaintance, is a proof of a grateful heart. Such a turn of mind is always tenacious of even the shadow of a favour received, but loses the idea of a benefit conferred.

The ready obedience you paid to your father's desire, though contrary to your own inclination, proves at least that you have the spirit of a soldier; for it is an act of magnanimity to engage in a profession from prudential motives cheerfully, when the will acquiesces reluctantly. Subduing a rebellious will is one of the noblest conquests human nature can gain.

You have, Mr. Williams, my sincere esteem, and, without a compliment, I believe you worthy of it. Mrs. Green agrees with me in that sentiment, and Eliza is not less favourably inclined. We were at breakfast when your letter was brought.—Ah! said I, here is a letter from Mr. Williams.

“Do

"Do tell us, papa, what he says," cried Eliza, with an eagerness that pleased me.

"He is a good young man," added Mrs. Green, "and I hope he is happy."

"I hope so too," said my daughter.

I smiled, and gratified them with the contents, but stopped short where you mention Eliza so fondly. I know love is an involuntary passion; and, was nothing more required than *my* inclination, your merit would soon command it. There are so many obstacles, so much to be feared, so little to be hoped, that prudence forbids me to inform my daughter of your sentiments. Prepossessed, as I see, already in your favour, she might be led to encourage a passion that would ruin her peace, and perhaps end in the total deprivation of it. Eliza is yet young, and you are just entering into the world; keep your secret, therefore, from her. Try the force of your attachment for a few years, and depend on me as on a friend, who is zealous for your happiness.

My dear Mr. Williams, take the advice of experience, on the following heads. Do not be laughed out of your religion; neither be

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be deaf to the voice reason. View the man who attempts the one, or dissuades you from the other, with equal contempt. Preserve your morals uncorrupted. Dare to be virtuous in a licentious age, and even the libertine will acknowledge your superior merit. Be not so presumptuous as to defy your maker, by prophaning his name, or making a jest of his laws. Avoid drinking to excess. —Excuse me when I mention the necessity of this advice: the social-disposed man, is in great danger of falling into that error. I hope, nay I am assured, you will receive these cautions with complacency, knowing the source from whence they are produced, to be real friendship. I feel myself equally interested as if you were my son: need I add more to convince you how much I esteem you!

Farewell,

WILLIAM GREEN.

ELIZA GREEN to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Greenwood Farm.

WHAT charming spirits do you possess ! And do you really think love a certain consequence of admiring a man's figure, and being pleased with an appearance of his possessing good qualities ? Mr. Williams I confess, has a person formed to captivate the eye, and there is an open candour, an honest sincerity in his manner, that forcibly commands our esteem.

My father (whose judgment of mankind is generally just) speaks of him with uncommon respect. " We must not, however, be too hasty," he said, " in forming our opinion of a character not yet proved. At present I believe him unexceptionable in his morals, possess of many virtues, but will they stand the trial ? Will not the follies of the age, the blandishments of vice, the prevalence of example and custom, eradicate principles that owe their origin to nature and reason ? Perhaps not, Sophia ; but he is at present amiable ; and if he has fortitude to resist the de-
praved

praved taste of the times, he will be doubly valuable."

So you are positively determined to believe I love him? Well—I declare I know nothing of the matter; but you shall judge.

I think him more amiable than any man I ever saw; and were he to address me, with my father's consent, I think I should have few objections. I was delighted with his company; and when he left us I was affected, as if my heart sustained a loss. My father received a letter from him; I was exceedingly solicitous to know the contents. Your account, indeed; gives me some apprehensions; for I was exquisitely pleased that he thought of me so tenderly.

There now, Sophia, you have a fair transcript of my heart. Do you call this love? If so, where are all its languors, its hopes, its fears, and all its fancied evils? I see nothing more in it than the natural effects that virtue and an agreeable exterior may produce—esteem and admiration.

What a sly girl you are, Sophy! So you would not look from your book, because the youth should look at you? Conscious of cap-

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tivating, without suspicion, you enjoyed the triumph. You say he loves you : he must have been very expeditious, surely, in making the declaration, or else you are an excellent adept in the science of judging hearts—or else—"What?"—Why, or else you are mistaken my dear. But indeed I do not believe the last supposition to be the case. I love Sophy Johnston myself ; her personal attractions I look on with delight ; her good-humour, and sprightly disposition, please my fancy ; her generous, benevolent heart, attracts my esteem ; and, sure I am, were I a man, of all women in the world, she would be my choice.

I expect an exact account of the interview which Thomson's Seasons, and the garden, produced : indeed, I wait with impatience, to have my curiosity gratified.

Your brother has been twice at our house this week. I wish you would persuade him to stay at home, or go any where else. My father has told him, that he never will offer any force to my will, in an article of such moment as marriage.

"While

"While I live," said this tender parent, "Eliza shall have my best advice to regulate her choice, but her heart alone must make it."

Your brother hinted something about a parent's authority, and the duty of a child. My father was displeased.

"Never, Mr. Johnston," said he, "was a parent empowered by justice, to sacrifice a child's happiness, to either his opinion or caprice. Eliza has too proper a sense of her duty to engage in an affair of such importance, without my advice; and I have too nice a sense of equity, and too much regard for my daughter, to attempt compelling her to marry, where her heart does not approve."

How happy am I, Sophy! Parents so considerate, so affectionate, what could ever recompence me for their loss! I have hardly left room to subscribe myself,

Your sincere friend,

ELIZA GREEN.

HENRY WILLIAMS to CHARLES DOUGLAS.

Gravesend.

BY attending to where this is dated from, you will perceive I am, at present, above twenty miles from the metropolis, on my passage to Holland. We wait only for the tide. A few hours more and I bid adieu to England, till Providence permits my return. I am at a loss to describe my present feelings. My friends shed tears when I parted with them; my father pressed me to his breast, and kindly anticipated, in idea, the pleasure he should enjoy when I returned. My mother-in-law declared, that had she known how much my going would have affected her, she never would have consented to it. My ideas are all confused; past, present, and future, croud in a group together; I cannot disjoin them: Eliza alone is predominant. From her father I have received a most friendly letter.

Remember the request my last contained. With what anxious impatience shall I expect your arrival in the camp!

Would

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Would you believe it? I am quite an adept in the science of fencing. Obligated by my profession to wear a sword, I applied myself diligently to attain the art of using it: and, if I may believe my master, am no bad proficient. You may remember how I used to ridicule your attention to that exercise: but you was born to be a soldier. Adieu, my worthy friend: believe me to be,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

SO you are not in love yet, my dear Eliza ! But you have pretty well described the symptoms. Indeed it is, at present, but a lambent fire, but if fanned would soon blaze into a flame. Till lately, I knew very little of this alluring passion, nothing experimentally, and now cannot be said to know much. You desire to be acquainted with the sequel of the garden adventure, and you shall have it.

The father of Mr. Douglas appeared, and put an end to our conversation. Charles had not seen him some time, therefore left me precipitately to pay his duty. At breakfast we met again. Mrs. Douglas, who by the bye, is prodigiously fond of this son, introduced him to me. The old gentleman, laughing, told her that ceremony was unnecessary ; “ for,” added he, “ I found them together in the garden this morning.”

Charles described the accident as it really happened. My spirits were tuned to harmony,

mony, and I was indulging myself in some successful sallies of wit, when, all at once they were depressed, by Mr. Douglas declaring, that, in less than a month, Charles must bid them adieu.—He is going, Eliza, to Flanders. My mirth was at an end; all the horrid devastations of war, intruded themselves to my view; my imagination presented the blooming youth, then sitting before me in the full glow of health, wounded, dying, dead. The dreadful image scared the colour from my cheeks, I was obliged to retire. Mrs. Douglas, officiously kind, followed me out; her son appeared alarmed, and I was heartily vexed. That incident alone told me I loved. I soon returned, but my vivacity was gone.

Determined to stifle a passion in its birth that had already taught me its power, I shunned every opportunity of a separate conversation, and treated him with a frigid coldness.—How dear did that dissimulation cost me!

He grew melancholy, and sought, in solitary walks, relief, from the anguish which my behaviour occasioned; yet prudence

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dence determined me to persevere.—How vain the resolution!

Mrs. Douglas perceiving the change, said to me, “What can be the matter with Charles? He used to be the delight of every company; his sprightly spirits used to produce mirth and joy where-ever he came; and now he avoids his friends, eats little, and, if I may judge by his altered looks, sleeps less. It is not going abroad affects him, for his gallant spirit glows with martial ardor. See,” continued she, “where he sits,” (pointing to the arbour where we first had met) “the very picture of melancholy and despair! Go to him, my dear Sophy, rally him out of this unaccountable humour; it makes all his friends unhappy.”

What could I do?—It would have appeared particular if I had refused. Well then, I obeyed.—Shall I tell you how I found myself, when advancing on this errand?—Indeed it is out of my power. He was sitting with his head averted, and reclined upon his hand. I spoke, he started, and rose up.

“Thus,”

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"Thus," said he, "angels condescended to visit our first parents before their fall."

I told him mine was only a mortal visit, and that too at the request of Mrs. Douglas, who was uneasy at the appearance of melancholy which he had lately encouraged. "Come," added I, "tell her the cause, and ease the apprehension of a tender mother."

"Oh, no," replied he, "tell her yourself, Sophia; tell her that your cold indifference, averted looks, your cruel hatred of her son is the cause. Unkind Sophia, I love you more than life or fame, and you despise and hate me, for feeling a passion which I cannot eradicate. Witness, eternal powers, how ardently I love you."

Whilst he was speaking, the pleasure I felt was unutterable. I assured him, so far from despising, or hating him, I had an uncommon respect for him; that, perhaps, the fear of its growing to something more tender, had occasioned that appearance of reserve which he complained of.

A faint gleam of joy diffused itself over his face.

"Do

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“Do not then in future, gentle Sophia, avoid a man who loves you : hear him repeat the genuine feelings of an honest heart, and, perhaps, by sympathy attracted, you may catch the transporting flame.”

His mother joined us, and chid him tenderly. He promised to alter his behaviour, and that interview ended, I think it is time my letter followed the example. I am,

Dear Eliza,

Your affectionate friend,

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

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ELIZA GREEN to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Greenwood Farm.

AN occurrence that happened yesterday engrosses almost all my attention ; friendship incites me to take the first opportunity of acquainting you with the particulars ; you will find them inclosed.

So, your gentleman's going into the army pointed out your danger ! I know Mr. Williams is gone likewise, and own myself concerned for his fate ; but then I am not ready to faint. Yet, seriously, Sophia, I feel for him more than is consistent with my quiet.—But we will put the gentlemen aside for the present, and recur to the yesterday's adventure.

My father having some business to do at Berwick, and my mother wanting some things at the milliners there, I accompanied him to procure them. His horse, in the way, losing a shoe, we stopped at a smith's shop, in a little village, to remedy the defect. The man's wife very obligingly invited me to sit down in her house, during the performance.

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mance. I accepted her invitation, and was struck with the appearance of a very lovely girl, genteely dressed, who rather rudely hurried out of the room, as soon as I came in. I expressed my uneasiness at having disturbed the lady.

“Alas, madam,” said the woman, “she is out of her mind.”

I need not tell you, who know my heart, how much I was affected. I was naturally inquisitive, you may believe, to know the cause, at the same time apologized for my curiosity. She said there was no necessity for any apology—that she could inform me, but that her own account would please me better. I appeared surprized at her answer, which, perceiving, she explained.

“You must know, madam, she has sometimes small rays of reason, and her great delight then is, to write her history. I believe I have twenty of them, and they are all very much alike. She never enquires after them. and I imagine forgets she has wrote them. When the fancy takes her, she begins about it with as much eagerness as if it was a new thing. I was a servant at her father’s

father's house, and she had a great regard for me.—Indeed I sometimes think she knows me.”

“And will you,” said I, “oblige me with one of these histories?” She readily complied, and with some difficulty I forced her to accept half a crown in return. I then enquired where the lady had retired to. She took me to a door in which there was one pane of glass. Looking through it I saw her sitting, the very picture of despair. Yet, if her features had been lighted up by a smile, she would have been very beautiful. Our horses were ready, and I left the house with a heavy heart.

I told my father what I knew of the story, and informed him that I was in possession of the whole. I longed to read it, but could not satisfy my impatience till we returned home. My father then desired me to oblige him and my mother with her history. I obeyed, but it cost me a thousand tears. Your sensibility, my dear Sophy, will be greatly affected, but there is a generous luxury in weeping at another's woe, which a susceptible mind would not dispense with

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for all the wealth that would satisfy avarice. May our attentions, my dear friend, be ever employed on proper objects. That I sincerely wish you happiness need not be repeated by

ELIZA GREEN.

The HISTORY of SALLY VINCENT.

MY father was a captain in the navy: he had served his country faithfully, till, disabled by wounds and a feeble constitution, he could serve it no longer. He retired, with my mother to the North of England, and lived upon a pension and half-pay very comfortably. He had saved some money which he designed for me; the annual income he always spent, for he was hospitable and generous. He amused all his acquaintance with an account of his travels, voyages, engagements, and hazardous accidents; and never was more happy than when reciting those relations to a listening company.

I was almost five years old when his retirement commenced. Separated only by a field, a little daisy field, Mr. Lawson lived.

He

He had an only son about my age; oh! what a sweet little boy was Jemmy Lawton! The curate of the parish was schoolmaster to Jemmy and me. We grew very fond of each other. Jemmy would foregoe his kite, his top, and his marbles, to play with his dear Sally; and she would quit her dolls so soon as he appeared. We were soon called little husband and wife; and our parents would often declare, that it would give them pleasure if it so happened. I caught the small-pox, and Jemmy was denied seeing me. Whether he had received the infection before, or whether grief at the prohibition produced it, he was seized with it likewise. We both recovered, without either of us being much altered by it. We met: our caresses, our fondness were excessive. In this happy state we continued five years, if possible increasing in affection as we increased in age. My mother was taken ill, and died. In her I lost one good friend. My poor father, who was tenderly fond of her, regretted his loss with unceasing sorrow. He languished for six months, and then died, leaving me to bewail the loss of both my parents.

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Mr. Lawson was left my guardian. Here I too soon forgot the cause of my affliction.—How could I be so insensible!—But to live, to eat, to sleep, in the same house with Jemmy Lawson, afforded me such a source of delight, that it overflowed every object of grief.

When he attained the age of fourteen, his father thought it necessary to send him to a boarding-school. Our good curate was dead, and a young pedant supplied his place.—How many tears did I shed at this separation! He was equally affected. We promised punctually to write every week, and we were too fond of each other to forget our promise.

He came home in the holydays! Oh what happy little folks we were! How innocent!—Not one thought to check our joy, but the approaching period of his return to school. I thought no harm, used to caress him, kiss him, and tell him how fondly I loved him.—The time of parting came again. Ah! What pangs it gave me! The morning after he was gone, Mrs. Lawson took the pleasing veil from my eyes.

“My

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“My dear Sally,” said she, “hereafter it will be more prudent for you to be more reserved in the demonstrations of your affection for my son. You are now almost fifteen years old, and what was not amiss when you were children, would be very improper now.”

I shall never forget how much this surprised me.—“What!” said I, “would you have me be a hypocrite, madam? For such I must be if I alter my behaviour towards him,”

She told me, changing my opinion of her son was not what she wanted. “Still let him possess your heart,” said she, “but prudence, delicacy, and propriety, forbid your discovering it in the manner you have been used to.”—In short, she assigned so many and such forcible reasons, as failed not at last to convince my judgment she was right. I was made wiser, it is true; but how much did I regret the attainment; at how dear a price did I buy it!

I now grew timid and fearful, and no longer told him in my letters how much I loved him; no longer wrote what my artless heart

heart dictated. The alteration in my style was too obvious to escape his observation: it alarmed him, and he complained of it. I loved too well to let him be uneasy. I assigned the reason, and he was satisfied. We were again happy, and for three years longer continued in a state of pleasing tranquility.

One day—Oh that day, that fatal day!—Mr. Lawson received a letter informing him of his brother's death at Jamaica, and advising him, as he was heir to all his brother's possessions, that he had best secure them in person. He did not chuse to quit the country himself, but determined to send his son. Cruel determination;—But hush, I shall soon have done.

Poor Jemmy went; my dear, never to be forgotten, my faithful lover went. We had but one soul, he carried mine, my part with him.—I shall never get it again. We heard of his safe arrival. Oh what delight it gave us!—We received a letter from him. He gave us an account of the ship he was coming home in; told us the captain's name, and many other particulars. We were

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were to be married, never to be parted more.—But, alas! the ship was lost in her passage!—He never returned, he is gone to coral bed beneath the sea, and there the watry nymphs will doat on my poor, dear, lost Jemmy!

CHARLES.

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CHARLES DOUGLAS to HENRY WILLIAMS.

Douglas Seat.

I HAVE obeyed your request—Sophia favoured me with a letter to Eliza. You have described the family exactly, and I can truly say my reception was characteristic. Your attachment is so natural, that only a miracle could have prevented it after acquaintance. Never were beauty and innocence more amiably united.

When I had been at Greenwood half an hour, I told Mr. Green that I had another motive for waiting on him : that an intimate friend of mine had requested me to present his respects ; and that his friendship for the family made him desire me to do it personally. The name of Mr. Williams allowed no room for conjecture. I informed them, that about a week hence I intended leaving this country, and probably soon after might see my friend.

Eliza loves you more than she is aware of : incapable of disguise, her face is the index of her heart. Your name called attention

tion in her eyes, vermilion on her cheeks. Mr. Green expressed much affection and esteem; hoped to see in some future period his young friend returned to his family, improved in his knowledge of mankind, without having partaken of their vices. "Otherwise," added he, "Mr. Douglas, it would be purchasing experience at the expence of present peace, and future regret. To be virtuous is to be happy. If that maxim was strongly impressed on the minds of youth, licentious gratification would not so universally prevail. The practice of virtue is the delight of heaven, and always comes fraught with double delight on recollection. Vice debases human nature below the bestial. To gratify its dictates reason must be sacrificed, genuine happiness destroyed, and lasting remorse our constant attendant.—But I grow insensibly too serious to amuse, and there is a little engagement that I cannot dispense with—it obliges me to be absent about an hour. The poor people in this neighbourhood frequently have their disputes determined by my opinion:—a trivial affair of that kind is the present case, and perhaps

perhaps a little walk may not be disagreeable."

I assented, and in our little excursion we met an old man, who accosted Mr. Green with the most grateful transports. "Here, Sir," he said, "here are the five guineas you was so good to give me—for I am sure you never expected I should be able to return them—but I have fifteen more. My son sent them to me. He has been at the East Indies and is returned. His ship is paid off, he is alive, and does not forget his old parents.—But I had been ruined, Sir, if it had not been for you. I do not know what to do with the rest of the money, unless you take care of it for me, and advise me about it. I care for nothing, now I have paid my best friend, and our boy is alive and dutiful, blessings on him!"

Mr. Green wished him joy, and desired him to go to his house and wait till he returned. He soon settled the dispute betwixt the parties; and so great was their opinion of his judgment and impartiality, that even the person who lost by the decision was satisfied. Never did virtue appear more engaging than

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in Mr. Green; never can a human mind feel more happiness. He lives among a set of people whom simplicity often leads into mistakes; these he rectifies and they are grateful for it. Offices of benevolence are as natural to him as the air he breaths in. The old man who had been waiting for him was sent away happy. So much pleasure did I receive in this short visit, that I left the amiable family with reluctance. They desired their kindest remembrance.—Even your Eliza, sweetly smiling, hoped that her father sometimes would be favoured with an account of your situation; in that case, she kindly added, he will not forget Mr. Douglas.

I left them; however; and if Sophia had not been in full possession of my heart, I must have been your rival.

For some time I rode gently along, absorbed in veneration for the society I had just left; but a still more favourite idea occurring commanded my attention, and hastened my speed.—You need not be told the theme—it was love, and the loved object.

When I got home, I found the family assembled to supper. My father questioned

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me what visit I had been paying. I informed him, and expatiated on the happiness I had enjoyed; then with the genuine warmth of a new friend, drew their separate characters. Mr. Johnston assented to the justice of the description, and was inquisitive to know how my acquaintance at Greenwood commenced. Having assured him that the pleasure I had received was entirely owing to a friend, who had charged me with a commission to Mr. Green, he appeared perfectly satisfied. My father declared his inclination to make an acquaintance with a family so very deserving, and my mother insisted on its being brought about soon. Mr. Johnston offered to introduce them, and I suppose, in a few days, the visit will take place. Sophia, the lovely Sophia has, by a generous confession of her partiality in my favour, made me the happiest of mortals. Yet how soon must I leave the gentle maid? Hope, and the dear idea of her esteem, will, in spite of every adverse circumstance, contribute essentially to the happiness of

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

I HAVE bid adieu to Charles Douglas, and my spirits are gone with him—he left his family this morning. I did not know, Eliza, how dear he was to my heart till this separation. He is so very worthy every one's esteem, that, instead of checking, I indulged the growth of a passion which reason warranted.—But he is gone! and this place, yesterday so full of charms to me, a paradise beautiful as Eden, has now no more beauty than an uncultivated desert.

Mrs. Douglas prevailed on my brother to leave me with her a little while. She is almost inconsolable. Tenderly fond of her son, she regrets his absence with tears, and assures me, that my company will contribute to alleviate her melancholy. Could I refuse to gratify a request so affectionately made, and from a cause so interesting? Charles spoke of his visit to Greenwood with such rapture, that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas expect my brother with impatience. He has pro-

promised to introduce them to your family. The consequence will be real friendship contracted; as similarity of thinking cannot fail to produce that effect.

I communicated Sally Vincent's story to them; it greatly affected their sensibility, and my tears flowed, whilst reading it, in spite of every effort to restrain them.

The ways of heaven, Eliza, are indeed unsearchable; why else is she so severely punished? No guilt contracted, deprived of understanding and love, the child of nature, alone the cause. A passion, innocent as virgin snow, grew with her existence, and became as essential to her being as the air she breathed in. May heaven restore her to reason, peace and tranquility! But, alas! That never can be hoped for. Excluded from every ray from whence she drew her happiness, the world contains no joy for her.—The theme is melancholy, but at present suitable to my disposition.—I am summoned to attend Mrs. Douglas.

After an interesting conversation, I sat down to acquaint my friend with the particulars.

Charles

Charles made Mrs. Douglas the confidante of his passion; begged her to take care of his interest during his absence, and solemnly vowed never to come home if he heard I was married to another. In vain she endeavoured to reason her son out of a pursuit where so many obstacles intervened: he was inflexible: her affection and his intreaty at last prevailed. She promised him every assistance in her power; assured him she would use all her influence with his father to break off the proposed match; encouraged him to hope she should succeed, as my dislike to it would afford her sufficient arguments for the purpose. All this she made me acquainted with in the most affectionate manner possible.

She was sitting alone when I went into the room.

"Miss Johnston," said she, "will excuse my sending for her when she knows the motive."

"Yes, madam, or without knowing it."

"Well, that's kindly said, my dear Sophia," cried she, "but I am afraid my want of spirits, owing to my anxiety for Charles, has infected you. Your pleasing

vivacity is gone, and I am much mistaken, Sophia, or else you regret his absence as tenderly as I do."

My face suffused with blushes, betrayed the emotions of my heart. She pressed me in her arms, called me her daughter, solicited my confidence, and promised me her sincere friendship.

I never knew my mother, Eliza, but Mrs. Douglas is equally dear to me as if she possessed that affinity.

Yesterday, in the evening, Charles caught an opportunity of vowing unalterable love. How sweetly soothing were the accents which he breathed! Softened with the prospect of his departure, I owned a mutual flame, and assured him my constancy should reward his truth. How shall I describe his transports? They were natural, unaffected, and delicately rapturous; whilst I enjoyed unutterable delight in the reflection, that I was the source from whence he drew such happiness. Propitious heaven protect the gallant youths, and return them with honour to their native country, to love, to peace and joy! So prays

Your sincere friend,

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

THOMAS JOHNSTON, Esq; to JOHN
DOUGLAS, Esq.

JACK, we are a couple of unlucky dogs—and yet fortune has favoured us, in giving us good estates. The goddess sees and dispenses her favours properly I find; but that little blind monkey, Cupid, does mischief at random.

You love my sister Sophy; she pays no attention to either your merit, fortune, or assiduity. I am equally attached to Eliza Green without a whit more success. And must we sit down quietly and suffer the contempt of these gypsies with impunity?—I say no.—Sophy shall be yours, Eliza must be mine. How is that scheme to be completed you want to know. It is yet in embryo; when properly digested, you alone, as a party concerned, and my friend, shall participate the design; till then be patient and appear contented. I am not so intoxicated with love, but I could, without much reluctance, give up the chase. My pride is hurt—Refused by a girl of inconsiderable fortune, no family connections, no pre-engagements!

gagements! Always before successful with that sex, I shall not easily forgive her for lowering me in my own opinion. The similarity of your situation is all that keeps me in countenance. On that footing Sophia's refusal has been doing me a real favour.

Come and dine with me to-morrow, you will meet with some honest fellows, and we will be merry in spite of madam Venus, or her imp of a son. Jack, I profess a spirit which scorns to be cowed by disappointment. Let others sigh and whine about the cruelty of an admired mistress; let them feel all the pangs of despairing love.—I pity them not—neither will I practice their effeminate behaviour. Whilst I am possessed of youth and fortune, I will not even doubt success. Imitate my manner of thinking in this respect, and the consequence will insure me your thanks.—Adieu till to-morrow,

Your's,

THOMAS JOHNSTON,

ELIZA GREEN to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Greenwood Farm.

AND so, Sophy, your lover is gone, and your gaiety has followed him? You very lively folks cannot bear disagreeable incidents half so well as those who have less vivacity. But then you have this advantage; if your dejection is easily produced and poignant for the time, it does not last; the natural disposition will return, and, displaying its power, chase away each melancholy intruder. I can hardly fancy to myself what turn gravity would give to your features; accustomed to observe them the seat of cheerfulness, I should hardly know my friend with a sad countenance.

We have been from home three weeks, let that serve as an excuse for my not answering your letter, which I did not receive before last night.

My father and mother expect with pleasure the honour designed them by the Douglas family, and by your accounts of them I promise myself great happiness from
their

their acquaintance : ours at present is rather too contracted.

We called at the blacksmith's to enquire after Sally Vincent, but she was gone to Mr. Lawson's.

"Lord, madam," said the poor woman, "who would have thought it? Her sweet-heart was not drowned."

"How so," returned I, my curiosity all alive.

"Why, madam, he was taken up by a ship that was outward bound, about an hour after his own was sunk. He had got upon a mast; and the ship that saved him was taken by the French, who kept him a prisoner in Martinico, where he was so closely confined he could not send his friends word that he was alive, till he was released, and then he came as fast as he could. His father and mother were ready to die with surprize and joy when they saw him, and could hardly believe their own eyes. But his enquiry after Sally brought them a little to themselves.—They did not care to tell him. He then cried out she is dead! She is dead! and I believe would have been soon

soon to himself, if they had not assured him to the contrary.—Oh, then she is married! he cried.—And yet that is impossible. They assured him she was not. Where, where is she then, he impatiently asked. Seeing him so unhappy in this uncertainty, they were obliged to tell him the truth, at the hearing of which tears ran down his cheeks in abundance, and he vowed he would neither eat nor sleep till he had seen her.

“His father came immediately with him. She was in her little room. I was scared, and thinking it was his apparition, was going to run away, but he stopped me. Oh, cried he, tell me, how is my Sally? Bring her to me, let me call her back to reason, to life, to love. She was tolerably solid that day, and at her usual employment of writing. She caught the sound, and instantly rushed into the room.

“Ah! she screamed out, he is come from the bottom of the sea to take me with him! Kind, kind Jemmy!

“He caught her in his arms; but she, poor dear soul, was in violent hysterics, and continued in them all night; and, in truth, he

he was little better. They hired a chaise next day to carry them home, for he would not go without her; and so, she being a little recovered, they even took her with them, and what will be the end of it God knows. I do not think she has long to live; and, by my troth, if she dies, I believe from my heart it will not be long before he follows her."

Upon enquiry, we found Mr. Lawson's was within a few miles of the house where we were going. We thanked the good woman for her account, and pursued our journey; not a little affected by the distress of Sally and her lover.

We were received by the family we went to visit with abundance of civility and respect. They are distantly related to my mother.

Sally Vincent's story is known by every person in that country. The catastrophe is uncommonly tragical. Every means were tried in vain: the fifth day after she was carried to Mr. Lawson's she died. Her dear Jemmy watched her with unremitted care whilst living, and would not be separated from her when dead. They could not persuade

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persuade him to receive any sustenance. The third day after her decease, he breathed his last, a martyr to grief, and black despair. They were buried in one grave. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson will probably soon follow them. Transported with joy to see an only son, a beloved son, restored; whom they thought was lost, and then so soon to lose him!—to see all their revived hopes blasted at once!—How terrible the blow!—They are very ill, and it is supposed neither will recover.—Gracious God! Keep us from such trials! Amen, says my sweet friend, to the prayer of

ELIZA GREEN.

L

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HENRY WILLIAMS to Mr. GREEN.

Brussels.

THE campaign is over, and we are in winter quarters. We have had one engagement and some skirmishes. Of these the public papers will inform you, perhaps more particularly than I can though immediately in the scene of action.

Charles Douglas came over a volunteer, but by a well-timed act of bravery, recommended himself so essentially, that he has got a commission. He regained a pair of colours, and was wounded in the attempt; but is quite recovered and in high spirits. He insists that I say, he has an unfeigned esteem for all at Greenwood Farm.

Your kind injunction, my dear Sir, my memory retains, and I hope my conduct has, in some measure, been agreeable to your wishes.

How does the happy companion of your domestic joy, your amiable partner, your esteemed Louisa? Pay her my most affectionate respects. And does the lovely Eliza enjoy

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enjoy health, tranquility, and happiness? Heaven grant a continuance of those blessings! Absence only adds strength to passion, which nothing but death can eradicate. Eliza has charms might teach an anchorite to love. I dread lest some happy youth should acquire a heart which I would lose a thousand lives to gain: but never, till authorized by you, will I make any declaration of my sentiment to the amiable maid. —Does not my self-denial deserve some reward? I have the most unlimited confidence in your prudence and affection; and am not to learn that Eliza's happiness is essential to yours: On that idea I rest satisfied. Oh, let her be happy, and I will be resigned to every other dispensation. A little adventure with which I am acquainted, may serve to amuse you at Greenwood, and that consideration incites me to relate it.

In our regiment there is a captain Weston. He is handsome, and he is brave. Among men a man of strict honour; but his character respecting women, is not altogether so unexceptionable. He is a younger son, and nothing but his commission to subsist on.

Naturally inclined to gallantry, you may suppose he has not much money to spare. Novelty, and a good deal of spare time, often led him to the grate of a nunnery. He was one morning amusing himself in this manner, when a lady alone advanced to the grate. She held a paper in her hand, and made a motion of delivering it. He was too polite to let her repeat the intimation; he received it, and hurried home to unriddle the mystery it contained. Captain Weston conceived me worthy his esteem, and that day imparted the intelligence he had received. The lady's story was contained in the following address.

S I R,

You appear to be a man of honour. Supposing you to deserve that character, circumstanced as I am, this address will not, by the most scrupulous, be deemed improper or indelicate. The inclosed will inform you of my family, and the cause of my being shut up in this house; a situation every way disagreeable to my inclination. Assisting to remove me from it, will com-
mand

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mand every return gratitude can make, consistent with decorum and propriety. If, after reading my story, you should find yourself inclined to grant me that assistance, and by reviewing your sentiments, I should experience that honour can triumph over passion, I shall think myself happy that I have not been deceived by a false opinion. I shall be at the grate to-morrow morning, about eleven o'clock, to receive your answer. Be ingenuous, and treat with candour

MARIA HARRIS.

My father was possessed of a good fortune in Somersetshire. Unfortunately for me, he died when I was about seven years old; my mother was dead before. I had a brother two years older than myself. I can just remember his death. The small-pox deprived me of him, about half a year after my father's decease. An uncle, who had resided some time abroad, took me to live with him; and, doubtless, being properly empowered, disposed of my father's effects. He caressed me very much, and soon enabled me to forget the loss I had

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sustained. My poor brother's death seemed only to add to his affection. One day he called me to him, and took me on his knee.

"Maria," said he, "you love travelling, and I am going abroad for a short time; will you go with me, or stay at home?" I would go with him, I said, and began to cry at the thoughts of his leaving me.

"Well," said he to his housekeeper, "Mrs. Jones, what shall I do with this child? It will be very inconvenient for me, but I must take her; she shall not be made uneasy if I can help it."

Next day I accompanied my kind uncle; we stopped two days at London, and then pursued our journey to Dover. I was not much inclined to going by water, but I loved my uncle too well to make any fruitless objections. We embarked in the afternoon, and next morning arrived at Ostend; and from thence came to Brussels.

It may be necessary here to inform you, that my father was a strict Protestant, and that, even at his death, I had a remote imperfect view of that being the religion I
I should

I should profess, and that I had imbibed early notions of the ridiculous superstitions of the church of Room.

On our arrival here, my uncle brought me to this nunnery. I was received by the abbess in the kindest manner, and had every thing I wished for. The nuns were very fond of me, the gardens were delightful; in short, I was so happy that, when my uncle came, after a few days absence, I told him I should be sorry to leave the nunnery soon. The abbess also requested him to let me stay with them a few months. Thus pressed, my uncle consented, with apparent reluctance to my stay. Then it was I found my own mind was unknown to me; for no sooner was his consent obtained, than every thing which before had pleased me vanished, and I wished to be taken away immediately; but shame prevented my making any discovery of my inclination.

When my uncle left me, I shed tears in abundance. I saw him no more, and was again soon reconciled to my situation. For six years I enjoyed all the tranquil pleasures a child of my age was capable of.

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of. I was taught many useful accomplishments; and every one managed with so much discretion and good humour, that receiving their instructions afforded me infinite delight.

There were three other children about my age, boarders; and it was contrived to excite in us a spirit of emulation, but at the same time, nipped any emotions of envy in the bud, by describing in the most frightful colours its baleful effects. Whatever may be my future lot, I shall remember that season of my life with gratitude and pleasure.

A most sincere friendship was contracted betwixt me and an amiable girl. Ah! my dear Henrietta, how do I at this moment regret your absence!

My uncle wrote to me often, and frequently hinted an inclination to remove me to another nunnery. In return I eagerly pressed him to let me continue where I was, and concluded with an assurance, that my being taken away would make me quite unhappy. Little at that time did I know the use he made of those letters. It was well known, that I was heiress to a considerable fortune,
and

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and many gentlemen who had known my father, began to make remarks on my absence. My uncle produced my letters, and to all appearance exculpated himself from the charge of keeping me abroad against my inclination.

Henrietta's eldest sister dying, she was sent for home. I was inconsolable, and the nunnery growing irksome to me, I repeatedly wrote to be taken away; but in vain: no answer was returned me. I began to think my uncle was dead, and fancied I had not a friend in the world. A settled melancholy proceeded a severe fit of sickness; and, during that period, the absence so far wrought on my imagination, that I promised, if ever I recovered, when of age, I would take the veil. I had no attachment to the world, a heavy stupor hung round my senses, and every art that was tried to amuse me proved in vain. I was not happy where I was, yet had no wish to alter my situation.

In this state I continued till about six months ago; when going to the grate one morning, I was greatly surprized to hear my name mentioned by an officer, who was told

I was

I was the person he enquired for. He very politely excused himself for the liberty he had taken, owing, he said, to his acquaintance with my family; having known my father intimately. I enquired after my uncle, and was amazed to hear that he was alive and in good health. An explanation would have taken place, but the officer knew the world too well; he knew the pains they take in a nunnery to add to their number; and was assured they would not part with so rich a prize; not in the least doubting but that my uncle had made it well worth their while to use every means for detaining me. He gave me a significant look, wished me a good morning, and promised, if he did not leave the town soon, to call again.

What a confusion of ideas succeeded! Curiosity awakened all my senses. I could not sleep, neither had I any appetite for eating. My uncle alive, and never write to me! What had I done to offend him? Avarice I knew nothing of, therefore never imputed it to that cause. The next day I attended the grate, eagerly impatient to see the officer again. He did not come himself, suspecting the truth, that

that they would watch him; but he employed a gentleman who had the address to deliver me, unperceived, the following note:

Miss HARRIS,

Your confusion, yesterday, when informed of your uncle's being alive, convinces me that some foul play has been used. In England you are entitled to an estate of five hundred pounds a year, the whole of which is at present in your uncle's possession. He declares in every company, that he has in vain attempted to bring you home; that you have taken the veil, and entirely given up your friends and country. He has produced many letters from you to corroborate that assertion; and, indeed, if they are genuine, the sentiments they contain express the strongest attachments to the place you are in. Contrive to let me know if you have secluded yourself voluntarily from the world, and if I should find you have not, the friendship I had for your deceased father, and a love of justice, will engage me to give you every assistance in my power. I am past that time of life to be impelled by a softer passion, and
you

you may, with the most unlimited confidence, rely on the honour of

JAMES SMITH.

From that moment my eyes were opened to my situation, and a nunnery became my aversion. I wrote immediately my whole story, directed it to captain Smith, and found no difficulty to give it to the gentleman who brought his note. The next day captain Smith came.

“Adieu, miss,” said he, “my duty calls me away. I will tell your uncle, when I arrive in England, that I had the pleasure of seeing you, and that I left you well and happy.”

I have never heard from Mr. Smith since, and am daily importuned to begin my novitiate; but a settled aversion to the life of a nun makes me evade their intreaties.

You now, Sir, know my history, my present situation, and my sentiments; it may not be amiss to add, that despair and hope, give me courage enough to attempt any thing; need I use any other incentive? I will not suppose it necessary; therefore must
hope

hope that you will contrive some method to rescue from this prison the unhappy

MARIA HARRIS.

After captain Weston had satisfied himself, by reading the contents, he came to me, and throwing them down on the table.—“There, Williams, read, read, and tell me if I am not one of the luckiest fellows in the world. But how shall I get her out of that cursed place?—I’ll set fire to it, she shall not be confined there against her inclination, and you must assist me.—But why don’t you read?”

“I will,” said I, “when you have done talking.”

With much difficulty he restrained his impetuosity till I had finished the lady’s narrative.

“Well,” resumed he, “what must be done?”

I told him I was incapable of devising any scheme, but would give him every help in my power. “Assure the lady of your inclination to assist her, perhaps she may point out the method.”

M.

“By

"By Jove you are right," said he, "I know captain Smith very well. About the time Miss Harris mentions, he was taken prisoner with a foraging party."

I advised him to be cautious: he promised he would, and immediately wrote the following note,

M A D A M,

The confidence you have reposed does me too much honour to hazard my ever forfeiting it. I am determined, with the utmost of my power, to give you every assistance. If possible, let me have some hint of the means necessary to be used, and be assured my will shall follow the lead with alacrity. I shall diligently reconnoitre the environs of your enclosure, and if scaling a wall, window, &c. will answer the purpose, you need not doubt the resolution and success of

ARTHUR WESTON.

He shewed me the note, left it with me to carry it to the lady, and the next day he came with the following answer,

SIR,

S I R,

I have not the least doubt of your honour, and am miserable till I quit this place. If you can manage to get over the garden wall, about eleven to-morrow night, from the second chamber window, on the right hand, you will see a little white bundle hanging to a line: untie it, and fasten a rope-ladder in its place. A few minutes afterwards you will receive under your protection the lady who makes this proposal. You may have occasion for a friend or two. It will be necessary I should be conveyed from Brussels as soon as possible, for the moment my escape is known, there can be no doubt but the most diligent search will be made after me; and I need not inform you how implacable the Catholic church is in matters of this kind. Hope, and fear, alternately distract me; but be assured you will find, exact to her appointment,

MARIA HARRIS.

“Well,” said he, “you see the scheme, and I hope you think with me, it is prac-

ticable.—But what have I to fear?—I will take her from that place, or perish in the attempt.”

I told him he might depend on me, but advised him to get leave of absence from the commanding officer. He applied, and easily obtained it.

We then surveyed the garden walls, and found them very high. Whilst we were consulting about the method of scaling them, a house repairing presented us with a ladder, and to that we determined to have recourse. We went early enough next evening. It was very dark, and every thing silent as midnight. We made free with the mason's ladder, applied it to the wall, and up mounted captain Weston. I followed, and with some difficulty we pulled up the ladder after us, then lowered it down on the other side. This done, we descended, and hastened to the window. The bundle, which was white, as the lady had described it, was soon discovered. Weston was in raptures. He had provided a silk ladder, which he soon fastened to the line, giving me the bundle in charge. Not a word passed, but the lady
was

was too much interested not to be attentive to our motions. She soon came down; when catching hold of our arms, we hurried her trembling to the wall. I got up first, she followed, but was so very much agitated, that she could not proceed till assisted by Weston, who was behind her. At last, with much difficulty, we succeeded, and conveyed her safe to his lodgings.

As soon as the gates were open, they set out with the utmost expedition for Holland. She was equipped with a suit of my cloaths, which, though too large, did very well in a carriage. By this time, I hope, they are safely arrived in England.

The only bad consequence I know of attending this affair; happened to the poor man to whom the ladder belonged. The nunnery had lost a prize; his ladder was the apparent means; and, though he very justly declared his innocence, he is committed to goal. How happy, Sir, are our fellow subjects! Nothing to dread from superstitious priests, arbitrary power, or monkish severity; whose property is guarded by wholesome laws; and whose lives are safe.

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under their protection, unless forfeited by transgressing them.

Believe me, Sir, I shall always have your kind admonitions in view, and remember, with pleasure, that period when our acquaintance commenced. That you may enjoy undisturbed happiness, is the fervent wish of,

S I R,

Your sincere friend,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

CHARLES DOUGLAS to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Brussels.

HOW grateful to my mind is the present employment I am engaged in! I almost suppose myself conversing with the charming maid, whose loved idea engrosses my most ardent affection. The two months campaign that I have served in, has been tolerably busy. L——d C———d's interest has procured me a commission, and we are now in winter quarters as inactive as if grim visaged war had retired to make room for sweet smiling jocund peace. What next summer will produce heaven alone knows; but of this truth I am certain, that neither time, distance, or accident, can ever reduce the ardour of that love which you have inspired.

I was greatly hurt a few mornings ago, on meeting an old school acquaintance dressed as a common soldier. I stopped him, and enquired the meaning of an appearance so unsuitable to his character and expectations. He looked abashed, but promised to call

call at my lodgings and inform me. I expected him with impatience. At school he was exceedingly esteemed, addicted to no vice, but of so flexible a disposition, that he frequently was guilty of faults rather to please his intimates, than to gratify any passion of his own. Possessed of an uncommon share of good humour, generosity, and humanity, he won the hearts of all who knew him. How then could I help feeling for his distress, knowing his character? I was really low spirited on the occasion.—He came.—With difficulty I prevailed on him to sit.

“My punishment,” said he, “Mr. Douglas, is just: it is the effect of my own imprudence, and I ought to conform myself to the situation I am reduced to.”

That ceremony over, I requested him to inform me if I could by any means serve him.—“I am afraid not,” was his reply, and added, “the account of my conduct is rather humiliating, but your politeness impells me to satisfy the curiosity you must naturally have awakened by my appearance.

“Mr. Purcell, my father, was reputed rich. He had three children, of whom I

was

was the youngest. He had acquired his fortune by commerce, and always declared his children should share alike of his success; inveighed bitterly against the partiality of parents, who to enrich one, reduced to poverty the rest. I did not continue at school above half a year after you came, and had left the college before you commenced student at it. I was designed for the law, and had no objection to the profession. My clerkship was begun, and my prospect every way agreeable, when it pleased heaven, for my punishment, to take my father from this mortal life, to partake, I doubt not, of a happier state. His will was exactly conformable to the sentiments he had expressed. We each had seven thousand pounds at the time of his decease. I wanted then about half a year to be of age. The certainty of having so much money, rendered business irksome to me, and I never more could attend to it. When of age, I offered to buy the remainder of my time out: the agreement was made, and I became my own master. In vain a prudent mother pointed out the rocks she saw I was likely

likely to split on. That I might not hear her advice, which was so opposite to my inclination, I left Scotland, determined to visit London, the great mart for pleasure in Britain. Unexperienced in the ways of the world, I was easily imposed on. Some made advantage of my credulity, others of my sensibility, and all of my ignorance. I was carried to the gaming-table, where I was made the dupe of sharpers, who by picking my pocket completed my ruin. In three years I had not a sixpence left, was forsaken by all my acquaintance, became weary of life, and, in order to lose it, became what you see."

I knew not how to act, was afraid to affront him, and yet supposed money might be useful. I drew out my purse; which he perceiving, "Your generosity, Sir," said he, "does you honour, but I cannot accept of money."

I told him I would take his note for any little sum which he might want; but my importunity answered no purpose; he was inflexible in his refusal. I think his friends should be acquainted with his situation.

His

His brothers, certainly, would contribute to purchase him a commission. The misfortunes he has suffered render him more than ever worthy their esteem.

He left me a good deal affected by his story—it produced this reflection. That a young man's fortune is seldom dissipated without gaming, and that it, almost without exception, compleats his ruin.—You may judge what state my mind was in by the following soliloquy, as it was the unstudied effect of my feelings, produced by Mr. Purcell's misfortunes.—Sophia will not criticise it too nicely.

Of all the follies which our reason shuns, gaming is the worst. It is the parent of heart-coroding care, and anguish inexpressible. Each hour in dire suspense is passed, and expectation odious. If with our friends we game, to friendship it's the bane; for all the views of gamesters, selfish are and mean; their motives mercenary; disunion on their steps attend; debates and janglings infinite; and ruin is its inseparable companion. Rage, malice, envy, mark the loser's face alternately. Oaths, execra-
tions,

tions, all the language of the vulgar and prophane, force a passage through his lips, and the whole man is disfigured and disgraced. Life the great Creator's gift, often falls a victim to the tormenting folly. To game with those who cheat to get them bread, or sumptuously to riot on our fortune, is worse than weakness; it is folly in the extreme.

How blest the man who in his cot contented, such baneful vices never knew! who cheerful to his labour each returning morn repairs, and meets at night a tender welcome from a prudent wife; whose homely board is still with wholesome food supplied, the earnings of laborious toil, which he with gratitude and thankfulness receives!—His children sporting round his knee, gives innocent delight. And when to bed he goes, with love unfeigned his arms are blest, till grateful sleep his wearied limbs refreshes. Thus blest the happy rustic lives. Peace, harmony and contentment dwell within his cot. Gaming, and its concomitant, destruction, are strangers there; they fly his peaceful, temperate
roof,

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roof, and seek the abode of luxury and riot.

My friend Williams calling in upon me when I had proceeded thus far, my reverie lost its connection, and I have been in no humour to resume it since.—But be assured there is not a single period of time, while life continues, that can erase your loved idea from the memory of your ardent admirer

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

N

Captain WESTON to Lieutenant WILLIAMS.

Rotterdam.

HARRY, with me joy. I am the happiest fellow living; the blooming Maria is my own; yesterday gave her to my arms. The dear girl has confessed, that my appearance at the grate rendered the nunnery more disagreeable to her than any other incident which had before occurred. I pressed her to marry, and assigned such forcible reasons that, at last, she consented. I represented how much more consistent with propriety our travelling together would be, and how much better by that means I should be enabled to oblige her uncle to do her justice. To these arguments I added vows of never-ending constancy, painted the joys of matrimony in its fairest colours, where mutual affection doubled every joy, and lessened every care. The generous girl gave me her hand, and I am happy beyond description. Never shall she repent the distinction she has paid me. Sick of dissipation, I will quit
the

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the army; and if assiduity and tenderness can make her happy, every effort in my power shall be exerted for a purpose so delightful. She desires her grateful compliments, has a proper sense of the assistance you afforded, and joins me in assuring you of our sincere esteem.

I am, dear Williams,

Your's, &c.

ARTHUR WESTON

N 2

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

I STILL remain with Mrs. Douglas, my brother is gone into the north, and I am to continue here till he comes back.

We do nothing but talk of Greenwood; a return of the visit is impatiently expected, and they are in love with you all. I do not wonder at it, where characters are so much alike. Mr. Douglas is universally esteemed for his benevolence; the greatest pleasure he enjoys is in doing good: is not that likewise the delight of your father's heart? Mrs. Douglas is a prudent wife, kind mistress, affectionate mother, and social friend; that is also the character of Mrs. Green.

We had letters a few days ago from Charles. He writes affectionately to his parents, and not less so to your friend. He has got a commission, he says, by the interest of L——d C———d, but other letters mention it as a reward for his bravery. He has been wounded too. Thank God we knew nothing of it till he was recovered.

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recovered. His brother is far from well, is advised to drink goat's milk, and is gone to try the experiment.

The day before yesterday we had a wedding here, and all the people round the country came to partake of the mirth and the good cheer that was provided for them. It was kept in a great barn belonging to Mr. Douglas. How that happened was as follows.

About three years ago a very honest man, a farmer in the neighbourhood, met with misfortunes which would have ruined him. He lost a great number of sheep in the winter, and had a bad crop in the summer following. Those misfortunes falling so near one another, so far reduced him, that he could not pay his rent, the whole of the rent that was due, and his landlord, who is a severe man, was just going to seize his stock. Mr. Douglas being informed of it, he sent for the farmer, and generously advanced the deficiency. It was indeed no more than twenty guineas; but that, advanced at so seasonable a time, became a double benefit, and was most thankfully

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acknowledged as such. About a week since the farmer came to Mr. Douglas, and said, "Sir, I am come to return you the money you was so good to lend me. I have thriven ever since I had it. Surely there is a blessing on every thing belonging to you!"

Mr. Douglas never expected the man would be able to pay it, but was very happy to find him so successful, and wished him joy upon it, declaring at the same time, that if he would inform him where any family could be made happy with that sum, he would not put it in his pocket.

"Troth," said the farmer, "I could easily tell ye that."

"Do then," said Mr. Douglas, "and I will be as good as my word."

"Well, then, I'll tell ye. There is old Thomas Wood, as honest a man as ever lived; he has as pretty a girl for a daughter as one would wish to look at; and she is as good likewise, for she spins and works, from morn till night, to maintain her father. Farmer Rutherford's son, Andrew, would fain have her, but the lad's father wonna agree to it, because she has got no money; and

and I really believe this would make it all right."

The scheme pleased Mr. Douglas so much, that he sent for the old man and his son. Mrs. Douglas dispatched a messenger for Mary Wood. The match was settled, and last Tuesday made them happy beyond expectation. In about a couple of months they are to have a little farm, which young Mr. Douglas used to amuse himself with.

Every thing was managed with the greatest decency. There was plenty of dancing, fiddling, and good cheer. We all dined in the barn, and the poor people were not a little proud of the honour; yet the condescension only made them, if possible, more respectful. Whoever is fond of power, let them copy Mr. Douglas; he receives the homage of the people's hearts in this country. How amiable is such a character! How delightful its pleasures! Adieu, dear Eliza. We long to see you here; you know that is a happiness ardently desired by

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Captain WESTON to Lieutenant WILLIAMS.

London.

EVERY thing, my friend, has turned out to my wish. Never was man more lucky, nor more happy. My dear Maria too is satisfied—that term is not expressive enough; she is transported. Every thing is new to her; this gay metropolis affords subjects enough for wonder, to even those who have lived in the world. I guess your present idea. You fancy I am running headlong into scenes of dissipation.—You are mistaken, my conduct shall be more cautious. I have experienced many difficulties from a narrow fortune, therefore shall attend to the disposal of what Maria has put in my possession with the strictest prudence.

I wrote to her uncle; he came immediately to London, and sent for me to a tavern; he was soon convinced that I really was the husband of his niece. You remember the little white bundle; it contained his letters to Maria. After asking me many questions, he thus addressed me,

“ I do

"I do not doubt, Sir, but you look on this affair in a very criminal light.—I have only one excuse to plead—the temptation was more than I had strength to oppose. It is in your power to render me unhappy, by exposing my real character in the country, but that will do you little service. It may embitter the remains of an old man's life, who, in return, will leave his money to strangers. On the contrary, let what is past be buried in oblivion, and my niece's fortune will be superior to your expectations. What say you, Sir, can you give up your resentment? Will you persuade my niece to do it?—You should both consider, that my guilt has been the cause of your union."

I caught him by the hand; declared how much pleasure his proposal had given me; assured him of Maria's assent, and pressed him to go home with me.

"No, no," said he, "prepare your wife to see me first, and I will dine with you to-morrow."

My generous girl was in raptures when I told her what had passed, and the next day received her uncle in the most affectionate manner.

manner. He has been in town with us about a week, and we are equally sociable and friendly as if nothing had happened. He declares he has not been so happy these many years. His conscience was forever accusing him; his fears forever alarming him; yet the cursed love of useless money, held them both at bay.—“I am now easy,” said he, “my wants are all supplied, and your company affords me infinitely more pleasure than ten times your fortune would have done.”

Pray find out captain Smith, and show him this letter. I would not on any account have the old gentleman made uneasy now.

I fancy I shall quit the army.—Domestic happiness is become my taste.—Farewell the loud-mouthed cannon, and every instrument of war.—All hail purling streams, shady woods, murmuring brooks, conjugal joys, parental ties, and a long train of pleasures yet to come.—But, to be serious, whatever my future enjoyments may be, they will never prevent your being sincerely esteemed by

ARTHUR WESTON.

ELIZA GREEN to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Greenwood Farm.

WHAT a delightful week did we pass at Douglas Seat! With what harmony of sentiment! If virtue, my dear Sophy, affords such refined, such rational delight, from whence does it arise that the blandishments of vice so often prevail? Reason rejects with scorn immoral pursuits, and guilty pleasures. What then is gratified? The demands of lawless passion. And what is the pleasure received? What the good obtained? Remorse, disgust, a despicable character, and a callous conscience. How contemptible the figure! Compare it with innocence, fresh as the morn, and wholesome as the spring; the other nauseous, sickly, dropping despised into the grave.

“Why so serious?” I hear you—say—at least my mind fancies you say so. Read the story of poor Emily Watson, and the cause will be discovered.—Who is Emily Watson? you want to know. A person in great distress, whom my father made us acquainted

acquainted with. The wife of a poor cottager, who had nursed her when an infant, informed him of her misery, and he visited her.—Need I add that he acted agreeably to the dictates of benevolence and humanity? Yesterday he conducted my mother and me to see her. She was too weak to rise when we went in, but appeared very sensible of the favour. My father left us by ourselves. Soon after we were seated, she with the utmost humility thus addressed us.

“Gratitude, ladies, will not admit my being silent, and yet I am afraid, when you have heard my guilty story, you will despise the wretch whom at present you have honoured with your company.”

My mother owned she had some curiosity, but declared it should not be gratified at the expence of giving her pain: but the unhappy girl declaring she should not be easy until she had told it, she was suffered to proceed.

“My father was a surgeon, lived about seven miles from hence, and has been dead some years. He was employed in his profession with reputation, and as a neighbour generally esteemed. At his decease he left

nine

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nine hundred pounds betwixt two children. My brother bought a commission, and is now in the army. I was about fourteen at the time I was left an orphan, and was taken into the family of Mr. Lewis, to whose care my father had bequeathed me. He was steward to several gentlemen of large estates, among whom a Mr. Courtney entrusted him with the sole management of his concerns in this neighbourhood. He was young, rich, and fond of pleasure, resided almost constantly in London, and seldom spent above two months of the year in the country. His person was attractive, his manners specious, a general superficial knowledge enabled him to be an agreeable companion, and when in company with those who did not think deeply, was supposed to have made uncommon acquisitions. You will readily imagine, ladies, that my story is too nearly connected with Mr. Courtney's, else why the necessity of describing his character?—Alas! he is the source from whence all my misfortunes are derived!

“About two years and a half after my father's decease, he paid Mr. Lewis a visit.

O

I was

I was young, vain, giddy, fond of dress, and anxious to be admired. I had often thought myself handsome, and longed to have that opinion confirmed by a man of taste. This being my disposition, is it surprising that Mr. Courtney's appearance produced in me wishes that my person might engage his attention? Innocent in the ways of the world, my attempts to please were too conspicuous. He saw with pleasure my design, but he did me injustice when he judged the motive. Vanity was all the inclination I wished to gratify; but he supposed a different passion had taken place, and that nothing but opportunity was wanting to make me infamous. He mistook my real character. Though inconsiderate, and fond of show, I was virtuous. Inured to seduction, he considered me as already his property; and, without hesitation, determined to effect my ruin. To answer that purpose, he desired Mr. Lewis, as they had accounts which required settling, to bring his family with him; "and," added he, "without making a toil of it, we may arrange the business in a week."

"Mr.

“Mr. Lewis accepted the invitation, and Mr. Courtney sent his chaise the next day for Mrs. Lewis and me. We were received at his seat with the most engaging complaisance, and my darling foible was gratified by the particular attention he paid me. I thought him amiable, and he took the first opportunity of assuring me that, in his opinion, I was the loveliest of my sex.

“In my guardian’s company he expatiated on the charms of virtue; talked of honour, moral rectitude, and fidelity, as if he practised their precepts from principle. When alone with me, public places of pleasure, the enjoyments of luxury, the delights of a dissipated age, he painted in the most alluring colours; and when my young imagination viewed the picture with transport, he talked of love with rapture.

“Notwithstanding I was strongly prepossessed in his favour, the difference did not escape me, and I wished to unravel the mystery. But what method was I to take?—Should I mention it to Mrs. Lewis, or desire Mr. Courtney himself to explain the reason? Prudence determined the choice. I related

every conversation he had entertained me with, and Mrs. Lewis saw the libertine and artful seducer in the description. Her friendship pointed out the danger, and her advice the means to shun it. Till then I did not know that I loved the man who was basely plotting my ruin.

“We were to have staid a week, but she now proposed going the next day. The reluctance I felt showed me the state of my heart; I even doubted the justice of her opinion, and imputed Mr. Courtney’s behaviour to a desire of pleasing. Hitherto, indeed, he had not said any thing which could positively determine his intentions to be criminal; but he did not suffer me long to doubt.

“There were some pleasant walks about the house. I had strayed into one of them, and was indulging my reflections on a subject that engrossed all my attention, when Mr. Courtney joined me.

“What,” said he, “the blooming Emily enjoying solitude, whilst I, her ardent admirer, can taste no pleasure in her absence?”

“We were some distance from the house; and, making an offer to return, I told him,
that

that possibly his ideas of general complaisance, made it necessary for him to offer these addresses to every lady he happened to be alone with. That, for my own part, I valued plain sincerity infinitely more than the best-dressed flattery.

"He took me by the hand."—"Let us," said he, "lengthen our walk a little Miss Watton, and I will endeavour to convince you that I am not deficient in sincerity. From the first moment my eyes beheld this lovely form, my mind has dwelt with rapture on its beauty; and so much do I indulge the delightful idea, that every other attention is absorbed by its sweet power. Now, what return am I to expect from the charming Emily? Remember your own maxim, and let not a heart devoted to your service, be tortured by suspense."

"I told him, that declarations from one sex, and confessions from the other, were very different in their effects: that I was too young to form a proper judgment respecting the propriety of his address, but was assured that prudence forbade my either answering it in the manner he proposed, or con-

cealing from my guardian what had already passed.

"He laughed at my scruples."—"My dear girl," said he, "Love wants no mediator, he is an absolute sovereign, and submits to no umpire. Give yourself up to his sway, and years of transport wait to crown your every wish. Is not such a life more delicious than the formal antiquated maxims that prudence presents? "Come," added he, seizing my hand, and pressing it to his lips; "come, confess, are not these your sentiments?"

"No, Sir," replied I, pulling my hand from him: "if I must never enjoy pleasure but by forfeiting prudence, I renounce the enjoyment. But I have been taught a quite contrary system: that a deviation from the precepts it inculcates, will inevitably produce remorse and regret in the consequence."

"Why," said he, "you mimic the prude very well, my dear Emily; but, surely, it is only mimicry, for I am much mistaken if your character is not very different."

"His first prepossession was predominant; and, notwithstanding he had perceived no
impro-

impropriety in my conduct, he still supposed that the sentiments I had expressed, were only a mask to my disposition. Full of that opinion, he ventured to hint a proposal of taking me to London, making me mistress of a fortune, and escorting me through the whole round of fashionable amusements. Humbled by the proposition, I burst into tears, and hastily quitted him, hurried towards the house. The anguish I appeared in was too natural to deceive; he saw his error, and immediately altered his manner.

“With the utmost reluctance on my side, he prevailed on me to hear what he had to say in his defence. He then declared, that my behaviour to him, when first he saw me, had produced some doubts on his mind which were now happily removed; implored, in the most persuasive manner, forgiveness for his suspicions, and urged them as a proof of his love, which was now heightened by esteem to a passion which would end only with his life.

“There was an appearance of candour in his manner, which my prepossession converted at once into a reality. Besides the satisfaction

faction I received on believing that I was not the object of an illicit passion, it gave me inexpressible delight to exculpate him from the charge of designing to act dishonourably.

"That he had vindicated himself to my opinion, the alteration of my looks demonstrated. Addressing me therefore with the most seducing softness, "Can," said he, "the gentle Emily retain any emotions of anger against a man, whose sincerity has engaged him to acknowledge doubts, which her conduct has convinced him were without foundation? Or is indifference, at best, all the return that the most ardent love can expect? If so, tell me my fate, and let me quit a country which hereafter will be hateful to me."

"I have acknowledged, ladies, the situation of my heart; I was young and artless; he was artful; and, alas! beloved; could I, thus circumstanced, resist owning my sentiments?—To own the truth, enough was discovered to render him, apparently, the happiest of men. He snatched me to his breast, kissed me with transport, and, when I appeared offended, ascribed the liberties he

he took, to love, joy, and rapture. How soon does the plea of a favourite lover succeed! I was charmed with him, and too easily forgave faults produced by a passion whose power I felt.

"We had been absent from the house a considerable time. Mrs. Lewis, who came to look for me, was not a little surprized to see me with Mr. Courtney, and to all appearance pleased and happy. He was not delighted with the interruption, neither could I help blushing when I recollected the advice she had so recently given me. Altogether her surmises were not favourable."

"Madam," said Mr. Courtney, addressing himself to her, "I deprived your amiable ward of a solitary walk; you do more than retaliate, you deprive me of a separate conversation with a lovely girl, whom——."

"Sir," returned she, interrupting him, "if Emily will take my advice, she will carefully avoid those separate conversations, but particularly with gentlemen whose fortune places them so greatly above her."

"Above! above her!" reiterated Mr. Courtney, "there is no man's rank or fortune.

tune, however great or opulent; no intrinsic worth in his possession, can render him superior to Miss Watson. I do not wish it to remain a secret, madam; I adore this lovely girl, and my love is as honourable as it is ardent. My future happiness is blended with her tranquility; nor can I enjoy one without the other."

"Mrs. Lewis was astonished at a declaration so unexpected; and which even her prudence did not suspect to be insincere. Her affection for me made her hear it with joy, and my little heart was filled with love and gratitude."

"So soon as she had recovered her surprise, which the avowal of his intentions had occasioned, she observed to him the improbability of her imagining he could mean any thing else but amusement; "and that," continued she, "though innocently intended, might in the end be of the most serious consequence; her inexperienced heart might have been engaged without any prospect of return, and her future days made miserable by a hopeless passion."

"He

"He assented to the truth of her observation, made her compliments on her understanding, and spoke with high estimation of the care, attention, and tenderness she showed for me.

"Mrs. Lewis loved to hear news, and she gratified her favourite foible when she could communicate any. To inform her husband, was a treat she could not dispense with; and, prompted by this inclination, she left us rather abruptly.

"My doubts, and fears, were all dispelled, my heart gave way with confidence to its feelings. To love, and to be beloved, how delicious! Delightful delirium of the senses, why do ye ever vanish? Why does a base passion intervene to break the charm? My eyes expressed my gratitude, my every look the tenderness of my heart. He saw, and exulted in his power.

"My Emily," he exclaimed with rapture, "will soon be mine.—Ecstatic thought! These lips, when that happy period comes, will unreluctantly yield to my eager pressure."

"Alas! too little reluctance did I show even then. Fully confident of his honour,

the

the repulses I made were only such as genuine bashfulness produced. He had prevailed on me to sit under the shade of a large tree, and, in a playful humour, took freedoms which I too easily forgave. He would have been more daring, I believe, had not virtue given me a view of my own weakness. I returned home innocent and thoughtful; he, satisfied with the advances he had made, and of the probability of succeeding in his dishonourable designs. He talked of our union to my guardian as a matter determined on, and described, in the most enchanting terms, the domestic felicity he proposed enjoying. By these methods he hushed my fears, and softened my heart to tenderness. Every opportunity he grew more familiar, and—now shall I own it?—I less reserved. At last, like a base thief, he stole into my chamber when the family were asleep, and compleated the ruin of her, whose greatest fault was excess of love for the villain who betrayed her.

“To calm my uneasiness, he swore if I would elope with him to London, he would marry me. I allowed myself again to be deceived;

deceived; and, two days after, leaving his house, I put myself under his protection.

“He was profuse in his expences, put me in elegant lodgings, bought me gay dresses, and endeavoured to amuse me with public diversions. In vain were all his endeavours: my peace of mind was gone with my innocence, and I was compleatly miserable. I talked of marriage, and urged him to perform his promise: he laughed, and swore we were much happier without the ceremony. I grew melancholy, and, as an addition to my other misfortunes, I found that the effect of his baseness, and my folly, would render me a mother. I had hitherto perceived no diminution of his affection: but he was too fond of pleasure to be long pleased with a companion of my turn. By degrees he became almost a stranger at my lodgings, and at last I did not see him once in a week.

“Mr. Lewis had wrote to my brother an account of my imprudence, and made him acquainted with the name of my seducer. Impetuous in his temper, and having an unbounded affection for me, he was fired with resentment, and waited with impatience for

an opportunity to revenge the wrongs I had received. He got leave of absence for a month from the army, found Mr. Courtney out, and sent him a challenge. They met, fought, and were both dangerously wounded. A servant heard the story from Mr. Courtney's man, and imprudently told me of it. I fell into convulsions, a miscarriage ensued, a fit of delirium followed, and for some months I was insensible to either happiness or misery. At length, however, it pleased heaven to restore me to reason and recollection.

"My first enquiry was about my brother, and, on being assured he was returned to the army quite recovered, that he had been often to see me, and expressed the greatest anxiety for my situation, a gleam of joy darted on my benighted mind, and I thanked God with fervour.

"As I grew better, the woman who had attended me during my illness, said to me one day, "I am surprized, madam, you never ask after any other of your friends. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis know where you are, and it is by their directions I attend you."

"Is

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed; "where then are they?"

"She told me Mr. Lewis was confined by the gout in Northumberland, otherwise he would have been in London. "But," added she, "is there no one else you would wish to hear of?"

"I guessed her meaning.—"Yes," said I—"What is become of the villain who betrayed me to misery and wretchedness?"

"She informed me he was but lately recovered; that he was greatly disfigured in his person, his shoulder bone being broke with a ball in the engagement; and, though perfectly restored to his health, his person had suffered by the accident, for he was much deformed.

"The misfortunes I had suffered had so erased my affection, that these circumstances gave me little or no emotion; on the contrary, my mind dwelt continually on the method I should pursue to prevent his ever more seeing me. My days of innocence only afforded me a pleasing recollection; and the place where I enjoyed them was my favourite idea. In short, so much was I



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engrossed by it, that I could not be easy till my design was executed. I put all Mr. Courtney's presents into a chest, on which I fixed a direction for him; and, with only the cloaths which I had brought from home, I left London before any of the family were up. The fatigue of so long a journey was too much for me: I was taken ill at Darlington, and recovered a little, hardly time enough to defray the expence I had contracted. From thence I went in a post-chaise to Newcastle; which luckily for me was returning empty, my money being almost all gone. I thankfully accepted the offer of a carrier's horse, the owner being going within three miles of this house. The good people received me with joy. They are poor, but friendly; and, being incapable themselves of furnishing necessaries to restore me, they applied to Mr. Green, whose humanity not only gave me every assistance, but added to it an honour I am unworthy of—the pleasure of your company.”

My mother gave her every consolation that generosity and sensibility could point out,

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and pressed her to remove to our house, but she could not be prevailed on.

“No, madam,” said she, “I feel the utmost gratitude for your goodness, but it will require years of contrition to render me worthy of so desirable a favour.—Shall I, contaminated by vice, be a companion, live in the same house, eat at the same table, and be treated in the same manner as this young lady, whose virtue and innocence are conspicuous in her countenance, and whose delicate feeling heart has made her eyes flow with tears when hearing my wretched story?”

“Alas!” said my mother, “what is our boasted virtue if we rely on ourselves! The only perfect pair fell when left to try their own power; and how much more weak are the most worthy now! That you have been imprudent is your misfortune, that you have erred you confess. Yet there is such a noble ingenuousness in true penitence, that it not only demands our pity forcibly, but it likewise has a fair claim to our respect. A true penitent is a more valuable character than an arrogant, unfeeling mortal, who, not having in some cases deviated from virtue’s precepts, ascribes

ascribes to herself all the merit of her innocence. Weak, vain, and unthinking, as we are, to the Divinity alone we stand indebted for all that we enjoy. A firm reliance on his power and goodness is our surest protection. Let us then never cease our gratitude, and let us never forget to implore that assistance, which he has graciously promised to grant. If happiness is not immediately our lot here, we ought to be resigned, having so fair a prospect of being eternally happy hereafter."

Miss Watson sobbed aloud.—I bore her company.

"O madam," said she, "how kind, how generous, how good you are! Will you sometimes honour me with a visit? Will you teach me by your lessons—they are the lessons of virtue and truth.—Will you, I say, teach me to be worthy your esteem? I will fervently address myself to that gracious Being you have recommended, and beg his assistance to confirm my penitence."

My father just then called for us. She thanked him in the most grateful terms for all the favours he had conferred; "but this last," said she, "this visit of your family, my heart

heart feels the obligation; my tongue has not utterance to express it."

My mother rose.—"Spare your acknowledgements a little Miss Watson, you are at present fatigued; when your health is restored, we will admit those ceremonies if you insist on it. Make yourself as easy as possible, we will soon call on you again."

She looked at me with beseeching eyes.—"And will you, miss, deign to look in upon the unfortunate Emily?"

I readily promised her that I would attend my mother.

"Have I not, Sophia, assigned a sufficient reason for the moralizing humour I was in when I began this letter? Could you have believed that such men—monsters I should say—existed? They have no right to an appellation so noble as the former. He only ought to be called a man, who does not debase the dignity of his nature by vicious, dishonourable pursuits.

Let us, my dear Sophia, attend to the advice which my mother gave Miss Watson. Let us not be arrogant because we are innocent; nor be unsusceptible of pity for those
who

who have not been able to resist temptation; neither let us depend too much on our own strength, lest we be punished by a discovery of our weakness.

My father has received a letter from Mr. Williams, but I am ignorant of every part of its contents, as indeed I am of their whole correspondence. He never before denied me his confidence; but his reasons, no doubt, are proper: on that I rest satisfied. Yet curiosity, now and then, tempts me to request he would gratify it; but, hitherto, I have resisted the temptation, and I believe, in spite of that keen inciter, shall patiently wait his pleasure.

What a long letter have I written! But it is to Sophia, from her sincere friend

ELIZA GREEN.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

GREENWOOD FARM.

A NOVEL.

WRITTEN BY

A WARRENT OFFICER

BELONGING TO THE

N A V Y.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

D U B L I N:

PAT. HIGLY, *Henry-Street.*

M,DCC,LXXXIV.

GRANT WOODWARD

AND

A

W. A. K.

W. A. K.

D. V. B. I. L.

EAT. NIGL. R. M. S. S.

W. A. K.

GREENWOOD FARM.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

IN return, my dear friend, for your very affecting story of Miss Watson, I send you the following one of another unhappy female, as it was drawn up by a lady who is come from London, to reside in our neighbourhood, who was well acquainted with the parties, and knows the particulars to be true. The original account now lies before me, which I shall faithfully transcribe in the writer's own words.

The HISTORY of MATILDA HEARTLY.

THE grand misfortune in the female world is, that young women are not early taught to discover, from the evidence of their own senses, the high value virtue bears with the opposite sex, and the insuperable

protection from insult and oppression, it proves to themselves in all instances and on all occasions. Were they instructed to take their lessons of life and mankind from their own observations, rather than the reports of idle authors, they would find the first libertines of the age ready to die in the defence of their sister's, wife's, or daughter's honour. That though they themselves could prowl about seeking whom they might devour amongst the innocent and unexperienced, unallied to their dignity, not a breath to taint those dear relations of theirs must approach their dwelling with impunity. And moreover, that, however duped by their partiality, or deceived in their proud opinion of these their kindred, yet, when ridiculing and censuring the whole female world, they evermore take care to pay a civil compliment to themselves, by making those whose conduct they are interested in, an exception to their slander.

Could a man contrive to treat a girl thus properly invested with a key to his principles; — could he contrive to treat her unworthily; — neither superior understanding, refined education,

education, nor other endowments reserved for the happy few, would in that case be necessary:—These questions would be his repulse, and the guardian of her steps:

“Have, you, Sir, exposed your own family to attacks of this nature?—Do you think

them lawful prey?—Or do you dare to set a mark on *me* for infamy and wretchedness,

whilst you are abundantly tenacious of *their* safety, reputation, and honour?”—But the

fatal error of supposing, that the man can love whose wishes are wholly directed to the

destruction of the object of his professed affection, fills our streets with unhappy

ones, and plunges a dagger in the bosom of the tenderest and most valuable fathers

and mothers in the community.

Matilda Heartly promised to have been all that is amiable or desirable in woman;

her person charming, her disposition engaging—but vanity and credulity were her

unfortunate characteristics, and whoever artfully flattered the former, were sure to

excite the latter infirmity. Her father had too large a family to have it in his power

to give his children more than a common education,

education, and too little time in his avocations from business, to examine further into their conduct, than that of externals, which informed him they had no greater faults than their neighbours; a criterion, which must always mislead our judgment, and impose upon our understanding; for we do not see the actions of others through the same medium we do our own, or feel in any degree similar, where their applause or commendation is the question.

Matilda being taught this measure, and this alone, walked her little round with great self-approbation.—She was neither so idle as this miss, nor so giddy or extravagant as that. Besides, she was much their superior in outward graces, and had read a variety of authors they had not so much as heard of.

A young attorney who lived in the next street, and was obliged to attend his mother to church every Sunday, was not a little taken with Matilda, and ardently sought an opportunity of recommending himself to her acquaintance. He knew his mother's foible was family pride, and that his prospects in life were promising; that his sisters were

forbid

forbid to think of a tradesman for their husbands, whatever his situation or circumstances; consequently that there was no hope for him where Matilda was concerned, as she was a tradesman's daughter. She was, however, a most lovely girl, and let what would be the consequence, he was resolved to get acquainted with her.

Matilda was too prompt at such discoveries not to be early sensible of Mr. Clarendon's admiration; and, as he was every thing her fondest ambition could ask, took no little pains to improve the favourable impression it was obvious he had received of her. She became, therefore, more than ever attentive to her dress and appearance, and he soon perceived the meaning of her conduct.

Flushed with this encouragement, he ventured to address her with great politeness on meeting her in the street; entreated the necessity of it might plead his excuse; for that as he was not so happy as to visit where she did, he knew no other method than that abrupt, and, perhaps, indelicate one, of soliciting the honour of her acquaintance.

Matilda

Matilda blushed, bridled, and observed, that it was certainly a liberty she ought not to encourage—but, as she knew him to be a gentleman, she must believe his views were unexceptionable, and her father's doors were never shut against the well-born, the well-bred, and the worthy.—Mr. Clarendon made a grateful bow and departed.

In consequence of this indirect invitation, he took care to inform himself, by means of one of the shopmen, when Mr. Heartly would be from home; and first enquiring for him, and afterwards for his daughters, he broke the way, and soon became their intimate friend and almost daily visitant, before any one had time to consider his motive.

Mrs. Heartly was a second wife, and Matilda her first-born daughter. She was therefore on stilts of delight, that her child had so far outgone her sister, who was more than five years her elder, in making so important a conquest—imputing the merit to herself, who had brought her forward in good-breeding, at an age when Mr. Heartly's first wife hid his girls in the nursery. Hav-
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ing thus taken it for granted, that a match must ensue, Mr. Clarendon received the most flattering reception on every renewed visit, until Miss Matilda, under her mother's sanction, was permitted to walk abroad with him, and spend whole hours alone with him in the house of her father.—In the height, however, of their mutual satisfaction, some busy and ill-natured person brought the news to Mrs. Clarendon's ear, who was frantic at her son's mean choice, and commanded him, as he valued her blessing, never to see the wench more.

Mr. Clarendon faithfully promised to obey this injunction, but could not deny himself one farewell visit. Matilda wept, and sufficiently testified how keenly her sensibility was affected; and her lover vowed he never could survive their separation. The conclusion of their conference was, that they agreed to correspond with each other, and, whenever they could steal an opportunity, personally renew their protestations of everlasting fidelity and attachment.

Clarendon was really concerned at his mother's pride and austerity, but there was

no contending a point with her.—Implicit obedience was what she had exacted from her children from their earliest infancy, and they knew not how to depart from a long established rule.

During the little perplexity this first change occasioned, Clarendon had the good fortune, as he deemed it, to discover that one of his sisters was deeply enamoured of a merchant's clerk, consequently under the same predicament with himself respecting their mother. To her he applied, and conjuring her, by all the tender anxiety she experienced, to pity and assist him as far as was in her power, he at length drew her over so perfectly to his interest, that she contrived little parties to bring the lovers together, and most good-naturedly retired under pretence of engagement. Mrs. Heartly considered this behaviour of Clarendon's sister as the highest testimony of his honourable attachment, and never scrupled letting Matilda accompany her on any occasion.

Mr. Denbeigh the merchant's clerk, was a young fellow of family and fortune. Eight hundred pounds had been paid with him

him as an apprentice fee, and he had every reason to expect a proportionable sum to start him into life when his articles expired; so that Miss Clarendon, as his character was fair, and his person very agreeable, could not be much condemned for her attachment to him; and the more particularly, as her mother, with an air of patronizing good-nature, on their arrival in town, after Mr. Clarendon's death, had invited the young man to visit her, as if one of her children, because she had a great regard for some of his near relations.

This pair of true lovers passed some months in the most pleasing manner possible, when Mr. Heartly's death, and a considerable change in the circumstances of his family, proved an interruption.—For Mrs. Heartly was obliged to leave London, with her children, in order to settle them amongst her friends and relations in the country, as their generosity might enable them to do. The parting on all sides was tender, and their re-union impatiently expected.

Mrs. Heartly, who had this match of her daughter much at heart, finding she could
not

not settle her affairs so soon as she wished, got an acquaintance, a Mrs. Sheldon, to let Matilda board with her, for the purpose of being within her lover's reach; and as she had not the least fear of the impropriety of the connexion, she laid neither her daughter or Mrs. Sheldon under the least restriction with regard to their conduct towards him.

Miss Clarendon was inconceivably happy to hear of her return, and her brother was in unspeakable raptures: nor did they fail, either at Matilda's lodgings, in the Park, or other place of polite resort, seeing each other every succeeding day, for above five months together; when young Clarendon, being well convinced his sister's affections were irretrievably engaged, proposed that a private marriage should sanctify her very affectionate reception of Mr. Denbeigh, and relieve him from all apprehension of undue advantage being taken of their so frequent interviews.

Miss Clarendon was just of age, therefore no impediment could be suggested; and Mr. Denbeigh obtaining a licence, they were married with the utmost privacy in his parish,

parish, and were so lucky as to preserve the transaction an inviolable secret; a step, Matilda's lover assured her, he was ready to take, to prevent all accidents between them, the moment she should attain the necessary eminence of twenty-one, to enable them to proceed with equal prudence and precaution their friends had done; a declaration which was immediately remitted to her mother, who sighed that the accomplishment of her desires was so remote, for Matilda was at this period barely eighteen; however, comforting herself with the old proverb, that it would be better late than never, she resolved to continue her girl on the spot, and even strain a point for her accommodation and support.

Though Matilda was well apprized of Mr. Clarendon's motives for promoting a marriage between Denbeigh and his sister, she was not sufficiently guarded in her own conduct; and the reserve necessary for young women to adhere to was called, by him, formality and affectation. If she believed him a man of principle, she could have no doubts; and it was surely an unpardonable

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impeachment of her own principles, so intimately to connect herself with a man she ought to despise.—In the course, therefore, of their repeated meetings, and in consequence of the opportunities chance, and their own inclination furnished them with, she fell from security into indiscretion, and from indiscretion into criminality.

Clarendon was the first to recover from this fascination.—“I condemn myself,” said he, “for the part I have acted.—Your confidence and your affection threw you into my power, and, wretch that I am, my abuse of it has ruined us both.”

“How, Sir! am I fallen already so low in your opinion, as to deserve reprobation?—Are we not united by every tender and solemn tie?—Have you not led me by imperceptible gradations to believe you the husband of my heart; and that the ceremony of joining our hands might be performed at a future—at any period;—for that it was a ceremony that respected the world, and the good order of the community, but had nothing to do with that more sacred band, the union of the soul?”

“My

“My Matilda,” said Mr. Clarendon, “I admire you more than I can express. You are, and ever will be lovely in my estimation, but I wish——”

Alas! alas! Cruel as you are, betrayed as I am, give me to know your wish; and, however fatal to my dearest hopes, it shall, if I have the means, be fulfilled.”

“It is, that you will be happy, and neither reproach me nor yourself with a misfortune that love alone has involved us in. Thank heaven, the charge of premeditated villainy cannot be brought against me.—I that doat upon you, your betrayer!—No, my Matilda, no, I have not such baseness in my nature.—And yet——”

Matilda caught the contagion; she wept and deplored what had happened; but, self-acquitted of every guilty intention, she could not see the matter in the light it struck her partner in iniquity.

“What a monster am I become already!” cried he, when alone. “Thou dear, unfortunately-confiding girl, is it my hand that should chastise thee?—Hard fate! Yet I can neither answer it to the world, or my

own heart, to permit my sister to have any longer acquaintance with thee.—But ought I not, when I felt so anxiously for my sister's safety, ought I not to have guarded this late amiable young creature from herself and me?—She beheld me, as it were, the arbiter of her destiny: my voice had always been the voice of peace and approbation where she was concerned; and, unpractised as she is in life, how could she suppose, that when obliged the most, I should be the most ungrateful?—Yet is not this the first and last lesson daughters receive from their mothers to hold us men at bay, until the law shall authorize a contrary conduct?—Are there any virtues more distinct than those of the virgin and the matron? And are not fear and pride their best protectors? Fear I had artfully melted down in this dear girl's bosom; and friendship and love were the only existing passions. But friendship dwells only with equality, and love must have esteem for its basis.”

The disturbance of his mind was such, on his return home, that his mother and sisters took notice of it. He complained of indisposition,

position, and retired early to his chamber. The whole night was passed by him in unavailing regrets, and he arose unhappy and irresolute in the morning.

Mrs. Denbeigh besought him, the first moment they were alone, to tell her what was the matter with him. He would have evaded her enquiries, but she fixed him to a point, and insisted on receiving a positive answer.

“Something has befallen Matilda,” said she, “though of what nature I am wholly unable to conjecture. I love you not more abundantly than I do her. Relieve me then, from my painful suspense, and give me to know the cause of your uneasiness.”

“You must forget Matilda.”

“Brother!——Forget Matilda!——You grieve, you astonish me.”

“Hate and despise your brother, and forbear, for your own sake, ever touching this discordant string more.”

Mrs. Denbeigh was so shocked at the immediate sense of her brother's meaning, which rushed on her mind, that she fainted away. Mr. Clarendon assisted her in the

best manner he could, and when she was a little revived.—“ It is a dreadful affair,” said he, “ but you must submit to my judgment and decision. We men think better on these occasions than you women. Virtue, the virtue chastity in your sex, is the grand bulwark against vice of every kind, and she who has forfeited that——.”

She clapped her hand before his mouth.—“ You shall not compleat the barbarous sentence.—Poor, amiable, undone Matilda ! and must all our sweet intercourse be at an end ?—And shall the wretch (forgive me, my brother, but friendship suggests the term) who has precipitated you from the bright eminence of all that is dear and valuable in woman, thus coolly and rigidly pronounce judgment on your head ?—But go, finish the noble work you have begun.—Matilda was lively, because innocent, but she will droop and languish to death when you forsake her.—Go, therefore, and add one more testimony to the truth of that assertion, that vice is the parent of vice, and one departure from the line of virtue only

an earnest of the black deeds the heart is capable of practising.

Clarendon was chagrined, but unshaken in his resolution.—He went to see his beloved as usual—but, ah, how unlike their former interviews!—Her down-cast eyes, and falling tears, bespoke the distress in which she was plunged, and his silence was a too plain indication, that, conscious there was but one way of restoring her to tranquility, it was the only one he was incapable of adopting, notwithstanding all his vows and sacred protestations.

“Where,” said she, after some moments struggle, “where is Mrs. Denbeigh?”

“She is—she is engaged”—hammered out Mr. Clarendon, for he was not so hardened as to have a prompt reply.

“Ah! Have you made her acquainted with my weakness?”

“My dear Matilda, let us avoid every painful recollection. My affection for you is unabated. I visit you with the same pleasure, shall have the same delight in receiving and executing your commands. We will be friends, rational friends, nor more torment

torment each other with unavailing repentance."

"What do I hear?—Heaven and earth! Where got you this language?—Can the nature of things be changed so soon?—Your affection unabated, Sir?—I never doubted its continuance, nor did it enter my poor imagination, that you would make a merit of visiting me."

"You mistake. You misapprehend me. You are sensible I cannot for some months lead you to the altar; and as what is passed cannot be recalled, I would wish you to be satisfied for the present, and rest assured of my unalterable——."

"Fool! fool! Not to think it necessary to be doubly guarded in my conduct, when your acute feelings made you fear so much for the honour of your sister?"

"Hold, Matilda, I was incapable of doing my sister such injustice as to harbour any fear on that account."

"Indeed!—Did you not huddle up a marriage for her security?"

"Denbeigh was a man I esteemed: but he was young, and my sister thoughtless and

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unexperienced. Their interviews, you know, were private and frequent; and, though I could not suspect her honour, I thought it wisest to obviate every danger from his love. Had he dared to have breathed a villanous sigh, my sword must have been lodged in the bosom of my friend, though my own indiscretion had been the source, and opportunity and temptation the ground-work of his offence. There are some events, Matilda, that must not be left in the hands of chance."

"And could nothing less than his life have expiated his transgression?"

"Nothing.—But, my sweet girl, why lay traps for me and yourself?—Ours is by no means a case in point.—You are mistress of your person, I master of my conduct. What has passed is between, is only of consequence to us, and us alone.—My wife cannot be accountable to any one—but a brother is the natural guardian of the female part of his father's house, and should never suffer its dishonour to pass unpunished. I will see Mrs. Denbeigh, tell her the wretched circumstances to which I am reduced, and take her opinion what I ought now to do. She

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is going into the country ; my mother will have it so, and there is no saying nay. I have persuaded her to wave bidding you adieu, well knowing the pain a parting scene would cost you both : and the truth is, that I am charged with a little million of kind things, which I undertook, in the pride of my heart, to render acceptable to you.— But I find I have presumed too far, and have lost even the power of rendering myself acceptable.”

Here a flood of tears came to the poor girl's relief.—“ Happy, happy, Mrs. Denbeigh,” said she, “ you had a brother to mark out your footsteps, and you have trod securely !”

Mr. Clarendon again interposed.—He knelt, wept, conjured, and at length, by the dint of eloquence (for nonsense is eloquence in love) reconciled her to herself, her connexion with him, her future prospects, and they became perfectly at their ease in all their ensuing interviews.

Mr. Clarendon prevailed on his sister to go out as little as possible, in order to prevent Matilda's detecting the cheat. “ When she's

she's my wife," said he, "you may (if your own reflections will let you) resume your friendship, but in her present situation I cannot suffer you to be connected.—My sister, and the wife of my friend, must do nothing degrading."

Mrs. Clarendon, who was a woman of strong passions, having for some time privately encouraged the addresses of a man much younger than herself, was suddenly surprized by the news of his marriage with another. She turned pale, and was thrown into an universal trembling in the instant; but being returned home, the constraint she had put on herself was productive of very terrible consequences. She was seized with successive convulsion fits, and pronounced by her physicians to be in imminent danger.

Her son and two daughters continually watched by her bedside. She would have spoke to them, but had not the power of articulation; and, after a fortnight's severe suffering, fell a martyr to her folly, leaving a fine fortune behind her.

Matilda now congratulated herself, that her lover could with convenience do her justice,

justice, and fulfil all her mother's high-raised hopes. But how was she mortified and astonished, when she perceived him cold and distant in his behaviour, and beyond all example remiss in his visits to her! —But, unwilling to condemn him on supposition, she resolved to inform herself how his family and family connexions stood, and soon came to the knowledge of the deception he had practiced upon her, respecting his sister, which she naturally considered as a very alarming omen. She taxed him with this duplicity, and after a little shuffling, he frankly pleaded guilty, and in the end, taught her what men conceive due to the honour of their own families, and how little regard they pay to that of others; and, when too late, opened her eyes to all the misery and reproach of her fallen condition.

Her rage was now equal to her former love. She bade him instantly leave her, and never see her more. “You have, it is true,” said she, “triumphed over my self-regard and principles, but you shall not abuse my reason. Your arts I might forgive, but your cruelty I never will. I am the
object

object of your scorn. Your sister would, in your nice idea, be contaminated by her connection with me. I must therefore abhor her brother who has robbed me of those qualifications I once possessed, that formed me for friendship and mutual attachment."

He endeavoured to sooth, to soften her resentment, but in vain. She was abandoned by him, she said, and she was resolved to abandon herself. He had cast her down below the lowest, spurned her, insulted her, had known the utmost value of the gain he had insiduously deprived her of, and she never, never would forgive him.

Though her provocation was so great, the effects of her rage was so disagreeable on her features, that he beheld her with secret horror. "Is this the lovely, the gentle Matilda," whispered his heart; "this the girl I once adored, and hazarded my mother's displeasure, and loss of fortune, to attach myself to?—She has played the wanton, and voluntarily run into my arms, and now, because I feel for my reputation, and my peace, is like a lioness robbed of her prey, and braves me to forsake her."

Poor Matilda having exhausted her spirits, sunk down on the floor, and hiding her face with her hands, was over-whelmed with sorrow. Her tears placed her in a new point of view—he was touched, he was unspeakably affected.

“My evil genius,” said he, “has urged me to commit a deed, but forsaken me when I would be justified; but Matilda, my beloved girl, look up. Pardon yourself and me.—Your innocence and my guilty daring, has caused these tears to flow, but I will wipe them away for ever. I will fly with you, make you mistress of every shilling I am worth, pity you, serve you, adore you as formerly.”

“Will you,” said she, casting a look of unalterable anguish upon him, “will you marry me?—You hesitate.—Finished deceiver as you are! Every thing but the thing needful you are ready to perform.—But my soul disdains alliance with you, and from this hour I will shut you from my heart.—Go, go,” said she, “before my frenzy returns, and boast of your victory over a poor wretch, whose love of your person,

son, and confidence in your honour, has plunged her in everlasting destruction."

Clarendon was unable to overcome her resolution of driving him from her, by all his arguments, and withdrew in much perturbation. He, however, hoped, when her anger subsided, that her mind would change, and he should persuade her to accept of his name and fortune, although without any legal claim, as a compensation for the distress he had brought upon her. But Matilda's soul was not of this cast. The more she reflected, the more she disdained the author of her exclusion from every dear and valuable claim in society, relations, friends, reputation and protection.

The manner in which he had left her, gave her reason to apprehend he would repeat his visits. She therefore packed up her cloths, wrote a letter in ambiguous terms to her mother, concerning the cause of her withdrawing herself, paid the arrears of her board, and silently and secretly departed. Clarendon, when he found her really gone, was outrageous. He flew back to

his sister Denbeigh, at whose house he had taken up his abode, and besought her to assist him in recovering the fugitive.

"She deserved a better fate," exclaimed he, in an agony, "she was an angel, until my vile arts corrupted her, and I can never know peace unless I am permitted to be the means of saving her from the horrors of prostitution."

Mrs. Denbeigh's tender heart bled afresh for the miseries of her once most tenderly-beloved friend; and she heartily concurred with her brother in endeavouring to trace her out, and provide for her, but their endeavours were in vain. She had put herself in the Bath fly, and was soon conveyed to that city. In the coach was a gentleman of very pleasing address, but apparently declining health. He was struck by the melancholy in so youthful a countenance, and professed a sincere desire to be serviceable to her. Having said every possible thing to silence his enquiries, she was at length so far overcome, that she burst into tears. "Imagine, Sir," said she, "have the goodness to imagine every thing an undone girl would

would say, who, though she is alive to all the condemnation she merits, was lost to every apprehension of evil from her betrayer. I am going to seek a hiding place for my miserable head, and to secure me from the danger of believing again.

The gentleman was sensibly affected.

"These," said he, "are thy triumphs, oh seduction! these tears the trophies of thy victories! Pardon me that I have called them forth, and in order to reconcile me to myself, condescend to make me useful to you. My best advice, my purse shall be devoted to your service. I am tottering, as you may see, on the verge of the grave. If not in the last stage, many stages advanced in a deep decline. You can have no schemes to fear from me. As your father, your brother, I will befriend and protect you from the world's malice and uncharitableness."

At the word brother she was strongly agitated.—"Oh, that blessing was denied me! A brother would have smoothed the way before me, regulated my steps, stood between me and everlasting remorse. But

I have done, Sir;—my best thanks you are intitled to, but my misfortunes, my miseries, are beyond all cure, and I have sufficient to satisfy the demands of nature for some months to come.”

“Bath,” said the gentleman, “will be a dangerous situation for so lovely a young woman as you are, especially unconnected and unprotected. Consider before you resolve; let it be only a town of passage, but fix on some fitter place to abide in.”

Matilda was convinced the advice was good, but she had reason for declining it. At Bath she knew Mr. Clarendon had relations; and, though she could tear herself from him, her resolution did not rise so high as to forget him.—Nay, she cherished secret hopes of revenge.—He might turn his thoughts to marriage, when he found she was not to be recalled—but so long as she lived, she would do all in her power to prevent its completion, for in the sight of God he was her wedded husband.

Mr. Thornton, who was naturally a benevolent-minded man, was so much interested in her well doing, that he wrote to her

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her the next morning to intreat her to quit Bath. She was then a fallen innocent, he said, but one step farther, and she would be degraded to what he shuddered to name. That if she had any objections, he asked not to see her, but that it would be a singular pleasure to him in his last moments, which he believed were not far distant, that he had contributed his mind towards snatching youth and beauty from infamy, and saved a too-feeling heart from despair.

Matilda could not help subscribing to the justice and necessity of all he prescribed, but still her desires were at Bath, and at Bath she resolved to continue.

A few weeks had only elapsed, when she received a letter and a purse of gold from Mr. Thornton's brother, the which he had received from him with injunctions to send them by a safe conveyance only a few moments before his departure.

The brother was a man of intrigue, and having gathered up somewhat of intelligence respecting her unhappy lapse, from his brother's rambling and lamentations, he visited her from curiosity, and a kind of half-formed

formed intention of becoming acquainted with her.

"My brother," said he, "was a valuable but a romantic fellow, and I well know never conceived a thought incompatible with the strictest rules of chastity, so that there can be no impediment to our acquaintance. I own I should have my squeamishness if he had been your seducer, for I am but a puny libertine."

There was a boldness in this address that disgusted Matilda, and the more particularly, as the solemn request which had brought him in her presence, she thought, ought to have had a different effect on his conduct. She, therefore, rather haughtily rejected his proposal, and drew a torrent of reproach equally cruel and unmanly on herself, for her pride and insolence. In a word, he quitted her in a rage, proclaimed what he conceived to be her true character abroad, and subjected her to such insults, that she was ashamed to breathe the fresh air. This effectually drove her from Bath, and London became once more her place of residence.

About

About a year after her arrival, she was seized with a violent fit of willness.—The woman who nursed her, robbed her of the little she had left, and the people where she lodged, applied to the workhouse, and removed her in the height of her delirium. Great humanity was exercised towards her, and the utmost physical skill exerted for her recovery. At length, to the surprize of all, she recovered. But what was her misery to find where and how she was situated!

Being told, on her recovery from danger, that the house would no longer afford her protection, and finding herself, from weak spirits, and a broken constitution, unable to get her living, she applied by letter to Mrs. Denbeigh, and conjured her by their former friendship, to enable her to pass the remainder of her days in a peaceful obscurity.

Mrs. Denbeigh was happy to comply with her request—pointed out a retirement to her—recommended her to the notice of one or two of her tenants, who were seriously disposed and good-living people, and settled an annuity upon her sufficient to place her above inconvenience.

Clarendon

Clarendon had been some time married to a woman, who had every thing to recommend her of person, family, education and fortune, but was of an unhappy turn of mind; jars and discontents therefore marked his future days; his children were un-
dutiful or deformed, and he hourly imputed all his misfortunes to the justice of heaven, and as so many punishments for the crime of seducing the hapless Matilda.

Her mother had lamented the disappointment of her hopes in Matilda for some time, but meeting with a man she fancied herself in love with, she sacrificed her children and property to a second marriage, consequently lost every maternal feeling; and as her mortifications and distresses were abundant, she passed the remainder of her life in unavailing complaints and unavailing repentance.

Having now performed my promised task, I will bid my Eliza adieu for the present, as the length of the foregoing narrative will sufficiently apologize for any omission, but that of telling her how much I am her friend and real well-wisher.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

GREENWOOD FARM. 199

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Esq; to JOHN
DOUGLAS, Esq;

MY long valued friend, there has a considerable time elapsed since I had the pleasure of hearing how you and your family enjoy the greatest blessing of life, I mean health; every other ill the mind may contend with, and by an exertion of fortitude and resignation be a conqueror; but disease, in spite of the philosopher's boast, will triumph over all our powers, hope excepted. However, the intention of this letter is not to attempt adding knowledge to your experience, nor unnecessarily to repeat what you are convinced of; no, it is to give you the earliest intimation of an affair which I am afraid will be of the most fatal consequence to this unhappy country.

A Pretender is landed *, and some few deluded men have already joined his standard, by whom he has been proclaimed Prince of Wales: of this attempt his friends must have been some time acquainted, for

* This letter was written in the year 1745.

in every county contiguous, he has adherents who have declared themselves.—Infatuated men!—Rebels to the best of kings!—Amongst these are mentioned some men of rank. How inconsistent with common prudence! But their mistaken zeal does not allow fair plea to reason. Already secured in their property by the laws, and no restraint imposed respecting religious worship, what madness to risk an exchange, where there is not the least prospect of success, and where their fortunes, perhaps their lives, will be the victims of their folly!

The poor wretches who join them are objects of pity, for they are either awed by power, or seduced through ignorance. An implicit faith in the chief of their clan, and an unlimited obedience to his commands, are the doctrines they hold sacred, and are seldom known to be given up, let the cause be what it may. Indeed, few proofs can be produced where their fidelity in this respect has been shaken, and those confined only to a few.

Humanity shudders when viewing the impending cloud; all is in commotion round.

GREENWOOD FARM. 201

round. Friends, without a quarrel, at once become enemies, and the blood of her children will again deluge the fields of Caledonia. The friends of government impatiently wait for orders to arm. I have sons who are ready to die in defence of their sovereign; neither, though old, shall I be backward in so just a cause. A civil war is an unnatural monster.—Heaven grant it may be stifled in its birth!

The bearer of this, I am persuaded, you will receive with a sincere welcome. She is my only daughter, the sweet image of her deceased mother. This country is now only fit for masculine minds, and Charlotte's is delicately feminine. Your part of the world is yet in a state of tranquility, and I hope will not be at all the scene of war. Charlotte will offer my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Douglas. We are old friends, and though we have been many years acquainted, have never had occasion to change the appellation. Before the Summer is over, I hope to assure you, personally, how much you are esteemed by

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

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JOHN DOUGLAS, Esq; to ARCHIBALD
CAMPBELL, Esq;

Douglas Seat.

YOUR daughter is arrived safely, and we think ourselves favoured by the agreeable confidence you have reposed in us. We shall use every effort in our power to calm her fears, and promote her happiness, whilst under our protection; as an addition to it, we have a young lady here, who has favoured us with her company, that will make an agreeable companion for her.

Your accounts are very far from pleasing, they come fraught with very much mischief; indeed, reflection can hardly produce an idea more horrid. War in any shape is much to be dreaded, and the causes of it greatly to be regretted; but a civil unnatural war, is of all others the most detestable. What less than madness can fascinate mens senses to quit the real pleasure resulting from reciprocal good offices, to relinquish peace and harmony, and without any personal dislike or offence given,

given, become at once anxious to shed the blood of their friend, relation, and neighbour? Unhappy men, to become obnoxious to the wisest laws, promulged and dispensed by the mildest government, and under the authority of a prince who merits every expression of love, gratitude, duty, and fidelity, from his subjects! I hope a speedy determination of their mad undertaking, will again restore public tranquility. They will get very few to join them in the southern counties, I imagine; and methods no doubt will be taken to suppress in its infancy so great an evil.

My eldest son is in a declining way, the rest of us, thank heaven, are healthy; and, till our parent country was wounded by her children, were happy.

Charles is in Flanders, he went out a volunteer, he has done his duty, and a commission has rewarded him.

Mrs. Douglas thanks you for her visiter, but laments the cause, and hopes that no misfortune will prevent the pleasure you made us expect. Donald, your faithful servant, took the utmost care of his young

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mistress, and I doubt not will convey this with the same exactness. Your daughter, with the sweetest voice imaginable, just now requested to add a postscript.—Could I refuse a young lady, the first favour she ever asked me?—I immediately assented, and she was withdrawing, but I begged her to sit down whilst only to the above I added, that you are remembered with much esteem and affection by,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN DOUGLAS.

DEAR PAPA,

I am arrived safe at Douglas Seat, and have received the kindest welcome. It is a sweet place, and the amiable owners certainly deserve all the good things you said of them. I should be very happy here, were not my fears on your account, and my brothers, a large weight in the other scale. That God may bless and protect you, is the sincere ardent prayer of,

Your dutiful and

Affectionate daughter,

CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

HENRY WILLIAMS to Mr. GREEN.

Brussels.

WE have just received orders to embark for Britain. I long to revisit my native country again, and feel in that prospect an undescribable pleasure. The cause that occasions it is, indeed, a great alloy to that satisfaction. The scheme has answered the purpose of our perfidious enemies, and Charles Stewart, the dupe of their policy, has collected some unhappy men together, who have been daring enough to attack, and, fortunately for them, to defeat a body of his majesty's forces. The British troops are recalled from Flanders to chastise their presumption, by which the allied army, of consequence, is essentially weakened. It is very likely that, in the course of duty, I may have an opportunity to say, How do ye, as we pass by. With what transport do I hail the expectation ! You know the sincere esteem with which I regard your whole family ; but you can only, by recollecting a

former period, receive any adequate idea how tenderly I love Eliza : I feel her image replete with every grace, twining round my soul. So much have I indulged the dear delight of loving her, that, to preserve the enchanting hope of being beloved, and to preserve my existence, are equally interesting. But close joined to an expectation so ravishing, are fears equally tormenting ; fears, that sickness, or a thousand other incidents, should injure a form uncommonly delicate ;—and yet, like Hebe, she appears the picture of health. Amidst the number who must admire her, I tremble lest any one should be a favourite.—I cannot dwell on that thought—madness, distraction is in it. Oh, if the dear delight of blessing her be given to me, how exquisitely pleasing the task ! You know how to pardon these effusions of the heart, by recurring to past feelings —But, why do I say past ? Are not you yet (though long since a husband) the lover of Louisa, your amiable companion ? But then possession has removed all your fears ; reciprocal love, mutual esteem, and

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and experienced affection, have made you deservedly happy.

Charles Brown desires his respectful compliments. He is a gallant officer. To say he does not shun danger, would be saying too little; he courts it with the eagerness of a hero. Is there any excursion going forward, he makes interest to be of the party, and always returns loaded with laurels. Rebellion, I hope, will not disturb the tranquility of your retirement.— Yet what mischief may it not already have done, though our accounts have not brought them so far to the southward! You *must* be happy, if you enjoy that blessing equal to the wish of

Your sincere friend,

HENRY WILLIAMS;

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

THE messenger who brings this is sent by the express desire of Mr. Douglas, to enquire whether you have received any damage from the rebels in their march.

They did not come near this seat, but must have passed close by Greenwood yesterday. We are anxious beyond description about your family; but we comfort ourselves with this hope, that, though not disciplined soldiers, yet their officers have hitherto been careful to prevent any outrages, their design being to make friends to the cause in which they have engaged, not to encrease its enemies; and heaven, we are assured, will protect virtue.

We have an additional guest in this family, an agreeable young lady, Charlotte Campbell. Her father has a particular friendship for Mr. Douglas, and when the disturbance first broke out in the north, sent her here under his protection. She

is very amiable—you would love her if you was acquainted. She is timid as the most feminine of her sex, her tender heart is alive to every humane sensation. She weeps at distress, and she relieves it; she partakes of another's joy as cordially as if it were her own; she has need of a greater fortune, more experience, or less benevolence; for she has no oeconomy in dispensing her beneficence. She is about your age—not exquisitely handsome; but though she does not surprize the eye, yet, the graces she abounds with, steal imperceptibly upon the heart. I am of opinion, whoever wears her chains, will not easily shake them off; the impression she gives must be lasting. Notwithstanding all this, my companion, my friend Eliza, ever will possess the first female place in my heart.—“Female place!”—Yes, Eliza, I love Charles Douglas.—You can explain the difference of the sentiment, by thinking of Harry. You are my friend, I tell you with freedom my every thought; but I would wish to be obliged by Charles. I would consider him as my protector, my monitor, my guardian.

dian. I would quit my friends, even my Eliza, to soften his cares, to participate his fortunes,—and my greatest happiness would consist in promoting his. The reflection that he loves me tenderly gives me unutterable delight. I am grateful for his partiality, and return it in the same manner. It has made me of more consequence in my own opinion, and though it has not added to my vanity, yet I view myself with more complacency. My esteem for him makes me quick sighted to all his good qualities, and it renders me happy when I reflect, that I possess attractions sufficient to engage his attention. Why need I attempt a more minute detail of my present feeling, when Eliza's heart can explain the difference better than my pen? She knows, likewise, that no attachment, whatever, can abate the affection with which she is esteemed by

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

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ELIZA GREEN to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Greenwood Farm.

ASSURE Mr. Douglas, and his kind lady, of our family's gratitude for their friendly concern on our account. The damage we have received from the rebel army is very inconsiderable. I continued above stairs about five hours in a state of trembling suspense; my mother sometimes up with me, sometimes down stairs with my father. An officer very politely staid at our house during the time they passed by, to prevent any mischief. We purchased their absence at the expence of all the ale in the house, and a stack of corn (which was in the barn yard) for their horses.

I saw the Chevalier from my window—he was a foot, appears to be tall, and that is all the description I can give you of him. The officer partook of a cold dinner with my father—some excuses were made on the occasion, when the officer answered jocosely, “In all probability I shall meet with worse commons before our business is finished.”

Upon

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Upon the whole, he behaved very much like a gentleman, drank success to the cause he was engaged in, but did not desire my father to follow his example. He said he never would insist on any gentleman's drinking a health contrary to the impulse of his own principles, nor oblige a parson to pray for his matter. He added, that they were whimsically served in that way, at the West Kirk near Edinburgh. "A party went," said he, "and insisted on a popular preacher's praying for Charles Stewart, Prince of Wales, and the command was complied with in the following manner: "O Lord grant, out of thy infinite mercy, that the young man who is seeking an earthly crown, may have one infinitely more noble, a heavenly crown, and the sooner the better."

He said their whole number did not exceed six thousand, but expected to be joined by a great number in their march, and made no doubt of penetrating to London, where they hoped to meet many friends.—God grant they may be deceived.

My

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My father received a letter lately from Mr. Williams. I went into his room, and saw it lying on the table.—Will not Sophia think meanly of me?—I was tempted; curiosity, inclination prevailed, and without liberty I stole a perusal of the contents. I am not pleased with myself; yet I find such pleasure by reflecting on the sentiments it contained, that, was the letter in my possession, I should read it twenty times in a day. I am apprehensive, Sophia, that your distinctions will soon be unnecessary. My heart seems very willing to inform me, that Henry Williams reigns unrivaled there.

I am very fond of Miss Campbell, pray tell her so, and receive a compliment in return; since, to your description of her, my opinion must be owing. You are certainly right, an external glare of beauty may captivate the eye, ravish the sight, but it is the graces that win the heart, that powerfully attract every faculty of a kindred soul. Are we, my Sophia, honoured with the esteem of men whose merit is approved; let it stimulate us, to render

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ourselves

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ourselves worthy their estimation, by adding to our characters as many praise-worthy accomplishments as possible. Good night, my sweet friend. That all happiness may attend you, is the sincere wish of

ELIZA GREEN.

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HENRY WILLIAMS to Mr. GREEN.

London.

AGAIN landed on my native island, I feel my heart expanded with that natural affection which an intercourse with any other country can never eradicate. We shall use the utmost diligence to join his majesty's forces to the northward, and a few weeks, in all probability, will bring us into your neighbourhood. The rebels will not chuse to march much nearer, and I fancy will hardly wait our coming: probably their return back will be speedier than their advance has been. The prince, * who is to command our army, possesses the abilities requisite, and has every incentive to stimulate him to act nobly. He has all the bravery for which his ancestors were renowned; and officers, who have long been engaged in military service, say the discipline he has introduced is of great utility. A young pretender claims his

U 2

father's

* Late Duke of Cumberland.

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father's crown, and with an army of desperadoes, in a pitched battle, has already given a check to veteran troops commanded by an experienced general*. Flushed with success, they have penetrated into the heart of the kingdom, the troops are fired with resentment by the disgrace their comrades have received, and I think it may be asserted, if Charles and his mirmidons will meet us fairly in the field, we shall give a good account of them.

I have not seen my father, though I rode post here on purpose. He is gone down to Wales. I am exceedingly unhappy about him. My mother-in-law, on whom he deoted, has behaved infamously; they are separated, and he wants the consolation of a son who would, for a time, relinquish every hope to the strong impulse of filial affection; but, as I am now situated, that inclination cannot be gratified. Honour, duty, love to my country, (principles which ought to supersede every private inclination) urge me to the field, and bar every passage to my father.

I have

* Sir John Cope.

I have formerly given you a sketch of my mother-in-law's character, in which you might perceive her governing taste was dissipation. Cards, crowds, and company, were, from habit, become necessary to her existence; but, in tenderness to my family, I did not add another trait of her character, which was too obvious.—She had her paramours. My father's fondness made him blind to her criminal conduct, whilst she used marriage only as a cloak to her wantonness. His own eyes, however, at last, witnessed her folly; and from that moment her blandishments lost their power. Love, confidence gone, her arts were tried in vain. Unsuccessful in her attempts to sooth him to her purpose, the most virulent abuse followed. Roused to passion by wounded pride, her real character became conspicuous. Losing every guard in her fury, she called him debilitated dotard, and triumphed in her infamy.—But why need I repeat particulars? My father sent for an eminent countellor, and told him his story. There were proofs sufficient for a divorce: but her friends

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being consulted, matters were accommodated without having recourse to so public a disgrace. My father returned her fortune, and allows handsomely for the children. The very day the affair was settled, he left London, with a resolution of never seeing his imprudent wife more. I ardently long to be with him, and, if possible, restore his mind to tranquility. Though I love your dear Eliza more than life, were I at liberty, and to hesitate a moment where to go, she would, she must think me unworthy of her. Speak of me to your family, if possible, in terms adequate to my feelings: you cannot say too much on that head; you cannot say I love and respect them more than I really do; for, surely, they are, to the utmost extent of the words, dear to the heart of

Your sincere friend,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

CHARLES DOUGLAS to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

SEAS no more divide us, charming Sophia! and we shall again meet, again enraptured own a mutual passion. My heart beats with transport, when fancy presents that delicious moment arrived. Health, love and joy, attendants on the lovely maid, shall join their influence to make me compleatly happy; and those dear eyes, charmed into softness, shall confirm the sentiments of your generous mind.

Indulging these transports, for a moment, I forgot the cause that brought us back to Britain. Alas! is it not to embroe our hands in the blood of our countrymen?—But then it is in defence of our gracious soveraign, of our religion, and of our happy constitution; it is to preserve order, and keep inviolate every thing that can be dear to British subjects.

My brother, I am informed, is in a bad state of health.—How kind to oblige my mother with your company! She has the
most

most feeling tenderness for her children, and her fears are apt to be alarmed, from even trifles, when they are concerned; yet, respecting herself, none possesses more fortitude.

You have an agreeable companion in a Miss Campbell, I find. I made a little discovery a few days ago, which, in confidence, I will relate, and leave the use you may make of it to your own discretion.

There is a gentleman whose name is Seaton in the regiment. He is brave, generous, and a man of strict honour. Though he is very young, he has no vivacity, and a certain gloominess of disposition renders him unsociable. I was convinced that too much reserve was not natural, and apprehended that some misfortune must have produced the alteration. My heart felt for him, and my curiosity was raised. I used every means to gain his friendship, and succeeded; yet still he was silent on the subject I wished to be acquainted with. The day before we sailed for England, a letter from my father was brought me. It contained nothing but
—what

what might be communicated to any person; and as abroad, all intelligence from home attracts our attention, I ran over the contents to him without reserve. When he heard Miss Campbell's name mentioned, I perceived him to listen with uncommon eagerness.—“ Pray, Sir,” said he, “ read that paragraph over again.” I did so; he sighed; and when I had finished the letter, Come, said I, Seaton, just now your request was complied with, will you be equally complaisant? “ Upon my honour I will,” was his answer. Well, then, why did that part in my father's letter, which mentioned Miss Campbell, strike your attention with such force, and why the sigh that accompanied it? “ That amiable girl, Charles,” said he, “ my fond heart doats on; but she never can be mine. Between our families there is an invincible antipathy, which both parties have long cherished! and though, in every other particular, they are men of understanding and benevolence, yet, in that instance, prejudice reigns predominant. I have indeed the sweet hope, that Charlotte's gentle heart

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heart does not approve such sentiments of enmity.—Another time I will acquaint you with the cause."

May heaven protect my dear Sophia!
This is the ardent and constant prayer of

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

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JOHN DOUGLAS, Esq; to ARCHIBALD
CAMPBELL, Esq;

Douglas Seat.

THE rebels have again passed us, bending their course to the north, after a desperate attempt to collect friends in England. Their hopes were disappointed, though high raised by the dawnings of success. Their necessitous retreat has depressed their spirits, and the arrival of the king's troops sunk into nothing their vain expectations. Edinburgh, our ancient capital, has alternately been under the subjection of the most powerful. I hope rebellion, by this time, has passed its environs for ever. Your county of Argyle will be remarked for its loyalty in the present commotion, and lord Loudon's prudence, zeal, and activity, will reflect on him personal honour.

The duke of Cumberland is expected in a few days to join the troops, and take the command. If the rebels risk another battle, and are beaten, the stroke will be decisive,

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decisive, and peace will be restored; if otherwise—but, gracious heaven, avert such a fate from this bleeding country! We have given in a general list of all the men in this shire able to bear arms. Only five in it have joined the pretender, and they are men without character, and of the lowest class.

Your Charlotte enjoys her health very well, but I wish her to be more cheerful. She has the most sympathetic disposition I ever knew. If she has any secret cause to make her uneasy, she forgets it to join in the joy of her friends; and if sorrow or anxiety appears on any countenance, her gentle heart immediately participates; in short, so delicate are her feelings, that a constant habit of cheerfulness in others becomes necessary for her happiness. This cordial she is seldom in want of, owing chiefly to the lively temper of a young lady about her own age, whose playful disposition, blended with your daughter's sensibility, make them most engaging company. They are inseparable friends, and, what is very rare, I believe, totally free from

from envy and deceit. Sure I am we shall feel a sensible loss whenever we part with them!

My eldest son is in Edinburgh, and I am afraid far gone in a decline. His brother we expect a glimpse of daily. My sincere prayers are, that peace may be restored soon, and this may be the last effort of a party who will be heard of no more. We have lived, my friend, to see two rebellions—may our posterity never be witnesses to a third, but may a real union subsist in the hearts of all his majesty's subjects! Our countrymen are too justly charged with a narrow national spirit; would to God it did not exist in reality. The man of real benevolence is a citizen of the world: when he would make a friend, or relieve distress, he never, for that purpose, enquires what country the person was born in. If he finds him possessed of a good heart, he treats him with candour, respect, and humanity; if on the contrary he discovers him to be a man of bad principles, though

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born in the same parish, and his superior in fortune, or power, he shuns him.

We long to hear from you, Charlotte sends her duty sealed up with this, but I am directed by Mrs. Douglas, to declare, that you shall not have your daughter till you fetch her. She desires her sincere respects, and pray join to these the certain assurance, that

I am,

Your unfeigned friend, &c.

JOHN DOUGLAS.

HENRY WILLIAMS to ELIZA GREEN.

Edinburgh.

PERMITTED by the charming Eliza, and authorized by her parents, how delightful my present employment! Precious to my memory are the few hours which, two days ago, I passed at Greenwood! When I met your father some miles from home, what emotions did my heart experience! He pressed me in his arms, he even shed tears, but they were the overflowings of friendly joy. How tender is the affection of that valuable man! He soon made me easy on your account; and the tumults, which before I felt, subsided at once into a calm. I followed him to Greenwood. My reception from Mrs. Green was truly maternal, and that from my kind Eliza, agreeable to the most sanguine wishes of my fond heart. Generous maid! Transporting confession! Have I, indeed, made an impression on your valuable heart; a heart replete with

every virtue, inclosed in a form adorned with every grace? May my existence cease when I prove unworthy of the place I hold in it, by a deviation from honour or fidelity.

I found in the post-house here, a letter from my father. He expresses the utmost anxiety for my coming home, and entreats me to quit the army, and by my company give a little sunshine to his setting days. The entreaties of a parent, at any time, are forcible; but a parent wounded by affliction, requests with a force almost irresistible. When this unhappy rebellion is terminated, my duty and inclination will coincide: I can then obey him without any impeachment to my character, and shall quit a profession, which, though an honourable one, never was my choice. Having hitherto discharged the duties of it from principle, I would not chuse to retire at last when actual service is required. To-morrow we are to march—our route is to Stirling. The rebels have blown up a church in their retreat; and so powerful is superstition, that the people

in

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in general think it a crime of the deepest dye. I have a sincere reverence for religion, and esteem public places of worship as not only a wise but a sacred institution; yet such is my affection for the human species, that I consider the slaughter of mankind in an unjust cause, as a much greater loss to society, and a much greater crime than the tumbling down a few stones that were piled together for religious purposes. — What will Mr. Green say on this subject? for whatever I write to my dear Eliza, is open to his perusal. Tell him, my sweet friend, that I love and respect him; say the same to your other amiable parent; and be assured yourself, that neither the vicissitudes of fortune, accident, or absence, shall in any degree abate the affection with which you are fondly regarded by

HENRY WILLIAMS.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

CHARLES Douglas has been here, and Henry Williams has been at Greenwood: the former, to my no small regret, stayed but one night, and hurried away early next morning. I think his person is much improved; it is now more manly; and his having conversed with the world, has added considerably to that easy freedom of address, which is deemed a necessary qualification for a gentleman; but his love, his sensibility, and affection, are still the same. His parents love him tenderly, his mother anxiously, intensely. They could not spare their son from their sight; could I be so selfish as to wish to rob them of any of the moments when there were so few to spare? Shall I own the truth? Inclination formed a desire of that kind, but reason immediately rejected it. Not so with Charles, he found an opportunity to engage me half an hour. His professions of love were rapturous, yet delicate,

delicate; and he appeared quite happy when I assured him, time had made no alteration in my sentiments.

We returned to his family, who rallied us on our absence; even Charlotte, whose kind heart partakes of every one's joy, was a little severe on the occasion; but Charles whispering something in her ear, in an instant she became serious. I knew the reason, and was certain she was pleased, though what he had said made her thoughtful. She is not without her attachments; Eliza! A gentleman, in B——'s regiment has made Mr. Douglas his confidant; but the match has no prospect of being concluded; an ancient animosity betwixt the families excluding all hope of that sort. I have the whole history of the cause, which I will transcribe for you soon.

We go to Edinburgh in a few days. I shall quit this delightful place, and its owners, with reluctance, but their eldest son is very ill, and requires every assistance. Charlotte sheds tears about him, and shakes her head at me,

“Sophy,

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"Sophy, Sophy," said she, "unrequited love is the cause."

And what is the reason of poor Seaton's melancholy, Charlotte?

"The fault is not mine," she blushing replied, "was my father of my opinion, he would have no cause to complain."

Well, said I, what would you have me to do? Shall I give up Charles, and try to console his brother?

"No, no," answered Charlotte, "But the solicitude of his parents affect me. I do not know their son, but they are the worthiest of human beings. What a pity it is any thing should happen to make them uneasy!"

Good night, my dear Eliza: never part with a particle of the affection which has hitherto subsisted betwixt us, and believe me to be

Your sincere friend,

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

CHARLES DOUGLAS & SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Edinburgh.

MY poor brother is very ill—to heaven alone we must refer every event; but I am afraid he is too far gone to recover. What surprised me exceedingly is, the very great alteration in his mind. He is become uncommonly religious, advised me in the most serious manner to concern myself only for my immortal soul; insisted positively that all other avocations were full of sin, and that necessity alone could excuse my following my present profession.—In vain I urged the duty I owed my country.—He said God was scourging us for our sins, and it was criminal to attempt stopping his vengeance. He pressed me to go with him to a meeting of Seceders, a sect lately sprung up in Scotland, the members of which have separated themselves from those of the kirk; and on whom they inveigh against for lukewarmness. They may, for aught I know, be well-meaning men;

men; but their doctrine must prejudice weak minds. They demolish morality, and deal out hell and destruction with a high hand, to all but a chosen few, who, they assert, cannot be charged with any sin. My brother stumbled into one of their meetings, and weakened by his disorder, became a proselyte to their notions, and is now as far advanced in enthusiasm, as he is altered in his person, which I assure you is very great. Alas! How will my mother sustain the shock his appearance will give her?

Your brother is yet in the North, at his estate. His friends wonder that he does not quit a country over-run with confusion.

Seaton was in raptures, when I informed him that Charlotte spoke kindly of him. When these troubles are over, I shall persuade my father to try his interest with Mr. Campbell for him—he is, indeed, a very valuable young man.

We march to-morrow, and perhaps it may not be long before I see your brother. How dear to my heart are all the relations of Sophia! The transport of our meeting
still

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still warms my senses, the pleasure resulting from it yet thrills through my veins. How exquisitely happy is my lot to be approved by the amiable maid, who is every thing my fond imagination could desire! Propitious heaven, I hope, will at last make us supremely happy. Then, my Sophy, our ardent attention will be to prevent each other's wish, to participate every care, and double every joy.

Adieu for a short time.—Never admit a doubt about the sincerity of

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

ARTHUR WESTON, *Esq;* to Lieutenant
WILLIAMS.

Somersetshire.

MARIA's uncle sleeps with his ancestors, and I am ten thousand pounds richer by the event. We, however, sincerely regret his loss, as he endeavoured to compensate for his former behaviour, by the most affectionate kindness.—But we have an addition to our family, who is still more beloved; a son and heir.—What do you think his name is? Maria was positive.—You are his godfather by proxy, and he is called by the same pretty appellation you bear. Henry, his mother declared, should be his name, that our memories might be continually refreshed about a certain period, and your kind assistance. Never was happiness more compleat than that we enjoy. Maria confined from the world the former part of her life, is delighted by the comparison; and my circumstances were so contracted, that my enjoyments were greatly restricted. The pleasures

pleasures I engaged in were only such as fancy, not reason approved. But now my felicity is rational; love, friendship, social conversation, innocent sports, and a thousand other pleasing et ceteras, fill up our time, and we can recollect the actions of a past day without regret. At an early period of life I am become a domestic man. Is it not strange that retirement from dissipation, from crowded streets and public pleasures, should still be reserved for experience and old age; that it should be the end which even ambition proposes to attain; what the merchant views as his last hope; what the mechanic toils for; what every rank of men hope for; and yet how few realize the possession of a good so universally esteemed, whilst capable of enjoying its pleasures!— You may observe, Harry, how much I am in love with my present situation, by the pains I take to furnish myself with arguments in its favour.

I am going to make you start with surprise.—In a few weeks we shall make a journey into Scotland; not merely to pay you a visit—no, you are high in our estimation.

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tion. But we shall not follow you to the camp. Business, Harry, indispensable business; the will of a deceased friend demands it. Maria's uncle has bequeathed to two gentlemen one thousand pounds each, and hath left in writing, separate from his will, reasons for his bequest. If I am so happy to see you in Scotland, we will talk over the subject; if not, we shall be deprived of a pleasure much hoped for. Make haste, beat the rebels, and let us travel in peace.

Mrs. Weston prays for your safety and success, and the same wishes are sincerely offered by

ARTHUR WESTON.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Edinburgh.

WE arrived here last night. I could have quarrelled with Charlotte, for her not being fatigued. Thirty miles on a single horse, over hills and dales, is no inconsiderable journey for a delicate young lady; but she laughed at me when I complained. When we saw young Mr. Douglas, her mirth was at an end. His mother is greatly affected, and his father's benevolent countenance is overspread with apprehension and concern. I hardly knew him, his person, his manner, his behaviour, have all undergone a total alteration. The physicians think he cannot survive long; each time they see him, an additional decay is perceptible.

Our residence is near a mile from the city, and not far from a hill which is called Arthur's seat. Nothing can be conceived more romantic than its appearance. Perpendicular rocks, verdant turfs, are charmingly intermixed. The top seems to be a large

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plain, and must afford a most extensive prospect. I want to see whether it commands a view over the intolerable high houses this city is composed of.—Would you believe it, Eliza? The people here, not content with purchasing a property in the earth, contract for one in the air. The houses are many of them eight stories high, fronting the principal street, and, being placed on the side of a hill, are fourteen backward. Every floor contains sufficient room for two families, and entirely separate from each other. These floors, in general, have all different proprietors. The first has his on the earth; the next so many feet in the air; and so on till the building is completed.

But enough has been said on this uninteresting subject; it is time to call another.—What's that? You'll say.—Why, that which is next my heart. Have you forgot there is such a person as Charles Douglas?—I'll trust you for the remembrance of his friend, Henry Williams.—Ah! would to heaven they were safely returned!—Charlotte peeped over my shoulder at this moment, and seeing what I had last written, immediately
sighed

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fighed out, I wish they were, and poor Seaton too!

I promised you an account of their family disputes—you will find it inclosed. God be with you, Eliza—so prays

Your sincere friend,

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Seaton are both men of fortune, and their families ancient and respectable. Pride of birth has been the foible of their ancestors time immemorial. Mr. Campbell's father had two children, the present inheritor of the estate, and a daughter. Mr. Seaton had three children, two sons and a daughter. George Seaton, the youngest son, was intended for the bar, but sedentary study did not suit his disposition; his young imagination was heated with a desire to see the world. His father could not be prevailed with to alter the determination he had made, and the son being as obstinate, very fairly eloped one morning. He was then little more than fourteen, a stout healthy boy. He went to sea, and after various vicissitudes, by industry and

good fortune, he had accumulated some money. Ten years after his elopement he returned to Scotland, part owner and master of a merchant ship. His father was dead, and the elder brother in possession of the estate. Their meeting was reciprocally kind.

Mr. Campbell's family and Mr. Seaton's were on the strictest terms of friendship; and the whole neighbourhood supposed that he and Miss Campbell would unite them still more closely. The two brothers paid them a visit. George was caught by the charms of Miss Campbell, and frankly communicated to his brother the effect she had produced, who assured him that the discovery gave him no pain, his affections being otherwise engaged. George visited every day, and was always well received. At last, having advice from Glasgow that his ship was loaded, he determined to know from the young lady what room there was for hope, to render him easy, during his absence. He chose a fortunate hour—She was generous, and he took his leave elated with his success.

Scot.

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Soon after a double union was proposed betwixt the families, and George never thought of it. Mr Seaton excused himself on account of a pre-engagement; but with pleasure gave his assent to a match betwixt Mr. Campbell and his sister. Their pride took the alarm, though Mr. Seaton soon married, and proved his declaration. They were never cordial friends afterwards.

George returned to Scotland, and though he had done nothing to offend them, was received very coolly, except by Miss Campbell, whose affection made him ample amends for their coldness. At length, to conciliate matters, he ventured to declare himself, and ask their consent. They were, if possible, more affronted by his insolence (as they termed it) than by his brother's refusal. They considered him in a state of degradation, because engaged in trade, because a useful member of society. How absurd, how ridiculous, do such narrow prejudices appear to a man whose understanding has been improved by an acquaintance with the world! George had pride and spirit; he left their house, his heart burning

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ing with resentment. Reflection soon returned, and love was triumphant.

All connection now betwixt their families ceased, but he found means to have many interviews with his fair mistress: in short, they were privately married, and it was determined next voyage he should take her to Bristol till a reconciliation could be effected.

He was in that city when this resolution took place, and unwillingly detained there by business. His wife became impatient; she found herself pregnant, and dreaded a discovery. To hasten his coming, she wrote him an account of her situation. He could not leave the ship; but prevailed on an intimate friend to make an excursion, take charge of his wife, and bring her to him.

The gentleman's name was Harris; he brought a letter to Mr. Seaton, containing the most earnest intreaties to give his friend every necessary assistance in the affair, and as he loved his brother, he even from principle thought he acted right. The lady was acquainted with their intention, and in less than a week after the arrival of Mr. Harris, she put herself under his protection.

He

GREENWOOD FARM. 245

He had a servant of his own, and Mr. Seaton sent a guide with them. They eluded every pursuit, having been gone upwards of sixteen hours before she was missed; but the guide was met returning, and being known to belong to Mr. Seaton, they endeavoured to make him betray his trust; but neither threats nor promises could prevail. A fortnight afterwards they received a letter from the lady, which cleared up all their doubts; but, if possible, it only added to their enmity. So great indeed was it, that every person in the neighbourhood foresaw danger in the meeting of these gentlemen, formerly such zealous friends. The event justified their apprehension. Neither could bear indignant treatment. They fought, and though both were wounded, it was with difficulty they were parted. Mr. Campbell's father, some time after lying on his death-bed, forbade his son to have any personal dispute with Mr. Seaton. Since that they have lived peaceably, but age has only added strength to their dislike. George and his wife are now living in Maryland, where he has several plantations,
and

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and is richer than both his brothers. Miss Seaton went with her father to visit George and his wife, previous to their going abroad. —She never returned—there is a cloud surrounds her fate, which I cannot remove.

Do you wonder now, Mr. Douglas, at the melancholy you see me involved in? I adore Charlotte Campbell—but, alas, is it possible she ever can be destined for the son of a man so determinately hated? Such an event even hope does not give a glimpse of to the unfortunate

JAMES SEATON.

HENRY WILLIAMS to ELIZA GREEN.

Nairn.

MY dear Eliza, we are within a day's march of the rebels, and a battle, in all probability, will ensue. What may be the consequence is yet hid in the bosom of futurity; but our spirits are all alive with the prospect. We doubt not of victory, and should that be the case, rebellion must cease, and peace be restored to this distressed country. I know your gentle heart will be alarmed for my safety; but remember, charming maid, that Providence governs the universe; that not a single bullet but from that superintending power has its commission.

A very brave man, and a very good christian, writing to a beloved wife from the field of battle, just before they engaged, uses these expressions; "Fear not for me, the action will soon begin, but I am as safe here as if at a thousand miles distance: not a bullet but has its billet, and Divine Providence is the same in every part of space."

On

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On that reflection, Eliza, let us place our confidence. When we meet again we will talk of peace and harmony; delightful sounds! and war, intestine war, will be no more!

A few days ago I received a letter from captain Wetton, (he is now, indeed, a private gentleman.) He has business, he says, which calls him to this country, and his Maria is to come with him. In my answer I have given him a direction to your father's hospitable mansion. I know how welcome they will be.

Can it be necessary that I should repeat vows of never-ceasing love? My fond heart feels delight in giving vent to its fulness; and never, while life remains, will you cease to be the dearest wish of

HENRY WILLIAMS.

CHARLES DOUGLAS to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Bravernefs.

VICTORY, my Sophia, has crowned our ardent expectations——rebellion is no more—the stroke is decisive. No more shall hostile armies carry terror through the land; peace, sweet companion of arts, shall again bless its inhabitants.

Tell the news with caution—Williams is wounded. The surgeons, however, say he will do well. My heart feels for my friend—he is one of the worthiest of men, and is equally loved and respected by all ranks. How will Eliza bear the tidings?—But I repeat it again, he will do well, the surgeons positively declare there is no danger. Your prudence, your friendship, will point out the method of communicating the intelligence.

You live in the same house with my family, and will inform them of my welfare: at the same time be so kind to make my excuses for not writing. We are so exceedingly hurried, I have but few mo-

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ments to spare. Assure them of my duty, affection, &c. and the next opportunity I will write them a long detail of every material circumstance.

This moment my brother's situation strikes me. Preserve him, heaven, to make happy his parents!

Farewel, my dear Sophia.—I have scarce time to tell you how ardently you are beloved by

CHARLES DOUGLAS.

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SOPHIA JOHNSTON to Mr. GREEN.

Edinburgh.

S I R,

WE have just received a letter from Mr. Douglas, with an account of a complete victory gained by the Duke over the rebels; but his letter contains this alloy: Mr. Williams is wounded, though, he seriously assures us, not dangerously. I have transcribed his letter for your perusal.—What will my companion, my friend, my dear Eliza say?—Would to God he could write to calm her fears! I am unhappy amidst the general joy on her account. He will live—heaven designed them for each other.

The guns from the Castle, this morning, announced to the listening world around, that William has conquered!—Grateful was the sound to all true lovers of their country. I have a request to make which my heart is set on.—Spare us your Eliza a few weeks. Let her partake a little of the public joy here, which will be manifested by all ranks, and

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we can have earlier intelligence. Come all, we have room for you in the house, and in our hearts you are sure of a sincere welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas insist that I use all my rhetoric to get this request complied with. Their eldest son is in a dangerous decline; and the social intercourse of such friends would be of great efficacy at this trying juncture. Can you refuse an invitation where your company is so much desired? Come yourself and answer the question, to one who admires your virtues, and who is,

With great respect,

Your humble servant,

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

ELIZA GREEN to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Greenwood Farm.

OUR army has conquered—rebellion is crushed—yet, Sophia, I am unhappy. A week has passed since we have known that event, and not a single line have we received from Mr. Williams. Ill-fated Henry! You died in the field of battle, and Eliza will never more know joy! Oh, Sophia, I loved him with the utmost tenderness, and he deserved it. Was he not every thing my fond heart could wish? But he is gone for ever, and every hope of happiness is vanished in that thought! I charge you, Sophia, by all the friendship which from our infancy has still gained strength, ease my suspense.

We have with us an acquaintance of my beloved Harry's. Need I be ashamed to own a passion which the purest virtue might boast of? Was he not its sincere votary in a licentious age?

Mr. Weston and his Maria are here.—How he has been loved by every one who knew him!

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My father has just informed me, that he intends I shall go with them to Edinburgh two days hence. Weston declares, if we have no news, he will go to the army himself, and know the fate of his friend.—My heart thanks him for his intention.

Why have I not heard from Sophia? Ah! Charles has acquainted her with the fate of poor Williams—that makes her silent.

My father intends adding a postscript to Mr. Douglas.—What a miserable state is suspense!—I know you will sympathize with your very unhappy, but

Sincere friend,

ELIZA GREEN.

M A D A M,

Your prudent method of conveying the intelligence about Mr. Williams, demands my sincerest thanks. Eliza is uneasy, but if she knew the truth before other accounts arrive, she would be unhappy. We have endeavoured to persuade her, that in such times of tumult and confusion, letters might miscarry. She admits the possibility, but fears the worst. She will be with you three days

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days hence, attended by a gentleman and lady who are an agreeable happy pair. I ardently pray that our next accounts may be favourable. I love Mr. Williams with the affection of a parent. He is exceedingly handsome, but the graces of his person are forgot, when you become acquainted with the qualities of his mind. Honour, justice, benevolence, and humanity, appear to be his natural principles. Among all mankind, I know of none whom I so much wish to be my Eliza's husband. To that wish her ingenuous heart sweetly answers, amen.

Make our affectionate respects to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. We sincerely condole with them for their son's indisposition, and can only add, that he is in the hands of ~~HIM~~ who does all things wisely.

I am, dear Miss,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM GREEN.

ELIZA GREEN to Mr. GREEN.

Edinburgh.

HOW affectionately considerate were my kind parents? Their daughter, in return, never hid from them one emotion of her heart: indeed, both duty and interest combined to that purpose; for where could she find friends so zealously attached to her interest; where with so much propriety ask advice to guide her inexperience? and surely gratitude for their watchful and tender solicitude, demanded every return an obedient daughter could make.

Mr. Williams is better—Gracious heaven, I thank thee!—A messenger has been here from him, who says he is out of danger. Charles directed the man to his father's, and he arrived the same day we did; nothing but duty detains him from his friend. Kind, generous Douglas!—But my amiable Sophia will reward him for all his virtues. You knew not half the waywardness of your daughter: till now I have hardly slept since the accounts of the battle arrived; but I
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knew the fondness of my parents, and endeavoured to hide my inquietude. Mr. Weston, and his happy Maria, helped to assist my spirits, and keep up an appearance of felicity; but, surely, if he had fallen in the field, I should in vain have tried to be resigned. They have lodgings near this house. Mr. Douglas invited them to stay here, but they prudently excused themselves, as their son's disorder is not very proper for the observation of strangers. We drank tea with them this afternoon—that is, Sophia and your daughter did, for Mrs. Douglas never goes out. A few days, in all probability, will terminate her anxiety, as her son is past every hope, and his senses entirely gone.

But to return to our tea visit.—Sophia, in her alert lively manner, said to Mr. Weston, “I know all your story, your nunnery intrigue, your knight-errantry, the method you took to deliver this distressed damsel, the place where you were married, the meeting with her uncle, his death, and the very name of your little boy.—And by the bye, why have you not brought him with you? —But we will settle that matter hereafter, as there

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there is something more important demands our present attention."—Mr. and Mrs. Weston stared.—"Ay," resumed Sophia, "you may look, but what excuse can you assign for exciting my curiosity, and never taking the least pains to satisfy it?"

"I really do not comprehend what you aim at, Miss Johnston."

"Oh, you don't! Well, then, I will inform you. Happily settled, your domestic plan formed, each day bringing forth its various pleasures, surrounded by peace and harmony, a sweet little urchin smiling in your face, whenever you saw him; how comes it to pass that you quit scenes so delightful, to mix with the tumult and confusion, which this country abounds with?"

"A right daughter of our ancient mother," said Mr. Weston.—"Yet your observation is very proper, but you take rather a round-about way to deliver it. Suppose I was to retaliate a little, and in my answer take as wide a circumference as you have done?"

"Why, then," replied Sophia, "your disappointment should be great, for I would run away, and not hear a single word.—But

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to be serious.—Consider, I have been only at play, and do not mean to be impertinently inquisitive.”

“Pray then,” said Mrs. Weston, “do not be serious any longer. Gaiety is your natural talent; and, believe me, Mr. Weston will, with pleasure, inform you of the cause that induced us to visit this country.”

“There, Miss,” said he, “Maria will answer for her husband; is not that a plain proof that one soul informs both?”

“Well, that is granted—but about this journey.—I have received no information yet.”—He laughed.

“For fear Miss Johnston should run away, as she threatened, in few words she shall be satisfied.—Know then, I am in this country to obey the dying request of Maria’s uncle, and to pay two thousand pounds to two gentlemen, one thousand each; their names are Seaton and Campbell.”

The exact similarity the names bore to gentlemen, whose story we had been so recently acquainted with, surprized both Sophia and me. Mr. Weston observing our looks to denote something peculiar, enquired the reason.

“Why?”

“Why,” said Sophia, “it is not a month since I received an account relative to two gentlemen, whose names exactly correspond with those you have just mentioned; and, what is still more particular, there is an event in it, where a gentleman named Harris is noticed.”

“This is very extraordinary,” exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Weston. “Pray will you favour us with the perusal of that account?”

“With all my heart,” replied Sophia, “but I must run home for it.”

I took out my pocket-book, and told her there was no occasion.—“Here it is,” said I, “under your own hand.”

She gave it to Mr. Weston, who having perused the story with attention, “There is not,” said he, “the least doubt that Maria’s uncle was the gentleman who escorted Miss Campbell to Bristol.—But I have here an incontestable proof.” (Giving a paper to Sophia.) “You will there, Madam, learn what became of Miss Seaton.”

We begged he would indulge us with it long enough to transcribe, and as you are acquainted

acquainted with the other affairs of the family, I have sent it inclosed.

Sophia told them that Mr. Campbell's daughter was then at the house of Mr. Douglas, and would have been with us had she not been prevented by the visit of a female relation; adding, that they soon expected Mr. Campbell in Edinburgh. I observed that, possibly, means might be used at present to reconcile the two families, particularly at this time, when the establishment of public tranquillity afforded general joy; and would be peculiarly fortunate to both, as it would make an amiable couple happy; meaning Mr. Seaton and Miss Campbell. Every one present concurred in my opinion, and we are to contrive the means.

All here are kindly attentive. I never was absent from my parents before, I love them tenderly, and long to see them again; yet this sentiment does not make me uneasy where I am, though it fills my heart with delight when I indulge the idea.—This letter is to both my honoured parents, the first I ever had occasion to write them. Absence, nor any change of circumstances whatever,

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while reason remains, can make me forget the duty I owe them, or diminish the affection that possesses my heart.

ELIZA GREEN.

Mr. HARRIS'S HISTORY, as drawn
up by himself.

AFTER I came from school, I was put apprentice to a merchant in Bristol, and during my apprenticeship received the approbation of my master.

I was a younger son: my father possessed an easy fortune, and, soon after the expiration of my servitude, advanced a pretty large sum to procure me a share in the business of the house. I was assiduous and industrious—for even at that early period, the love of money was my predominant passion. How many men are admired for their prudence, diligence, and œconomy, when that base desire is the foundation of them all!

About this time I became acquainted with a young man whose name was Seaton: he was master of a ship consigned to us from Lisbon. He was industrious, but generous.

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I know not how it happened, he took a particular fancy to me, and found little difficulty to make me accept many presents, the produce of different countries he had traded to. He took the most certain method to acquire my esteem, and succeeded so far, that, if my friendship was not disinterested, it was yet superior to the regard I had for any other person. He acquainted me with every thing that had happened to him from the day he left his father's house. Many misfortunes he had met with, but still he rose superior to them all, and was then in a flourishing way. His inclination leading him to a desire of revisiting his native country, I procured him a cargo to Glasgow. He saw his family, but he left his heart behind. He wished to return. I got him another lading, and, while in Scotland, he privately married the lady, she being the only person in the family who approved the match. The transaction was kept secret, and the next voyage he proposed bringing her with him to England. I tried, without success, to procure him another cargo for Scotland. His wife wrote him pressing let-

ters to come for her, but his business not permitting him to be absent, I executed the commission at his desire, and brought him his wife. He was made happy, and unbounded was his gratitude.

He went to Lisbon and returned. His wife brought him a daughter during his absence, but the child did not live.

Having some concerns in Maryland, he proposed settling there. His brother and sister came to bid him farewell. Isabella Seaton soon made me own another passion than that of avarice. Captain Seaton was my confidant. He expressed the greatest pleasure from the discovery, and promised to use all his influence in my behalf. I was assiduous to amuse and entertain them, and the captain said so many favourable things of me to the fair Isabella, that she was inclined to receive my suit with complacency when offered. Her brother had promised her to a gentleman of considerable fortune in Scotland, but she had an invincible dislike to the match. I talked to her of my passion; her answer was propitious; and, in a little time, so much uneasiness did the fear produce

produce of marrying a man she had an aversion to, and leaving another in whose favour she was prepossessed, that, without much reluctance, she engaged in a scheme which captain Seaton had joined with me in forming, to detain her in England.

His ship was gone down the river, and was to sail in two or three days. Business, he said, required him on board one day: he left his brother and me at the water-side. When we returned home, Isabella was missing, and no person could give any account of her. Her brother expressing great uneasiness, I offered to go with him in search of her. We went along the streets, looked into the shops, returned home, examined the servants, all to no purpose; Isabella was gone. Captain Seaton had appointed where to meet her, and by him she was conveyed to Chepstow in Wales. He left her there under the care of a worthy friend, returned home the next day, and feigned the utmost surprize at the account that was given him about his sister's absence. Soon after a letter was brought him.

“Isabella’s hand!” he exclaimed.—
 “Ah!” continued he, “read, brother! She is gone off to London to avoid the marriage you proposed for her with Mr. Blair.”

He appeared excessively angry, and, in haste, bid George farewell, in order to follow his sister. When he was gone, we told Mrs. Seaton the plan we had executed. We went to Chepstow, brought Isabella back, and we were married soon after.

Captain Seaton and his wife being to sail for Maryland, we parted with regret, and in a short time after, in consequence of an advantageous proposal, I settled in Lisbon. We lived there many years happy, my wife’s prudence and sweetness of temper correcting my avaritious disposition. We had four children, but none of them lived: at last my beloved wife died of a fever. I never could endure Lisbon afterwards; therefore, taking my share out of the house, and disliking my native country, I determined to end my days in Brussels. Five years I lived there, and during that period mixed very little in any company. Avarice again absorbed every other principle. My brother
 had,

had but one son, and a distant hope of possessing the paternal estate made me return to England.—The rest you too well know. My particular request is, that you will see Mr. Seaton and Mr. Campbell, and give each of them one thousand pounds, as a small compensation for the trouble which I have caused them. Let them likewise read the foregoing particulars: the articles there contained are truths, for they are written at a time when dissimulation seldom prevails. My days are nearly finished, and my future moments must be devoted to repentance. Farewel, my dear children!

The foregoing account was sealed up and directed to Mr. and Mrs. Weston, and given them by the minister (who attended him) after his decease: a copy of it they likewise found in his escrutoir.

HENRY WILLIAMS to Mr. GREEN.

Inverness.

JUST able to write, am happy to assure you that I am in a fair way of recovery, and hope, in a little time, to regain my strength. The blood that I lost weakened me very much. I was wounded in the arm and side; but, thank God, my back was safe.

Tell my dear Eliza, that she has been the chief object of my thoughts, that the loss of blood could not remove her beloved idea, nor any thing else but the loss of life. The wound in my arm not being quite healed, prevents my writing as I used to do, for which reason I have avoided addressing myself to Eliza, whose gentle disposition might be alarmed by the difference.—That God may bless and preserve you all, is the sincere wish of

HENRY WILLIAMS.

CHARLES DOUGLAS to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Inverness.

WILLIAMS recovers fast—I have taken him under my care, and he says I am an excellent nurse.—Seaton too sits with him whole days.

His father has been here to see him, and is a very sociable old gentleman. I took an opportunity of mentioning to him his son's melancholy disposition, and hinted the cause.

“Mr. Douglas,” said he, “I was not the aggressor. My family is as good as Mr. Campbell's, and never shall I stoop to request his friendship. I am not, however, unreasonable: if he chuses that an enmity, an ill-judged enmity should cease, the proposition must come from him. Archibald Seaton will make concessions to no man unless he has injured him, and then he would do it from principle, not from fear. Our family, Sir, know not the meaning of that term, at least not enough to affect our actions.—Is not my son James a soldier?

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If I thought, or could be assured he was not, he never should sleep under my roof."

I told him there was not a braver man in the army: that I have seen him smile in the midst of danger: that then his spirits were all alive: but security restored, his gloomy habit returned, and the cause I believed proceeded from hopeless love.

The father's looks were animated with joy, when I mentioned his son's bravery, but when I assigned the reason that made him seek solitude and avoid company, he appeared greatly affected.

"Charlotte Campbell," said he, "is very amiable, and well-spoken of, by every person in the country where she resides. She cannot get a better match than James, but her father's cursed pride puts it entirely out of the question. I wish he would think no more of her;—but you young folks make such a devil of a fuss about love, that, take it in general, it is the bane of all your happiness, at the very time of life when you are capable of enjoying it the most. My brother George carried off Mr. Campbell's sister clandestinely. He had plague enough, and

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so had I, about that story. There was a good husband, suitable in every degree, provided for my sister, but she took it in her head to dislike him, and went heaven knows where, because it never should take place. Unfortunate Isabella! How many uneasy hours has the uncertainty of your fate cost me! Now my son is got into the same predicament—he is unhappy from the same cause.—But do you think the girl likes him?”

I told him I had reason to believe so.

“Well, well,” said he, “I shall not mention what you tell me, but I am glad she likes James, if it be only to plague her father for his obstinacy.”

His son joined us, and the conversation on that subject ended.

We have prisoners brought in daily. Order will soon be restored in this country, and I hope shortly to be indulged with a few weeks, every moment of which shall be devoted to love and to Sophia.—Precious moments! My heart anticipates the joy, and expects them with impatience.

I have written a long letter to my father, containing a circumstantial detail of every
public

public occurrence that came within my observation.

How is my brother?—I tremble for one of the best of mothers on his account. She never yet lost a child, and is uncommonly fond of her children. If heaven chuses to deprive her of him, I trust it will grant her fortitude to bear the dispensation. I am greatly distressed for him. To you, Sophia, who know my heart, I may say this; but, a few days ago, I was laughed at for assigning his disorder as a reason for my want of cheerfulness, and was told an estate was an excellent compensation for his loss. A love of pleasure—I mean that kind of pleasure which money procures—has almost swallowed up every natural feeling. A little knowledge of the world, Sophia, proves the truth of my assertion. A compliance with public taste eradicates private sentiment. The mind is carried away by an ardent attachment to dress, show, public amusements, crowded assemblies, masquerades, card parties, and all the inventions that luxury has introduced. Under an influence so powerful, relative affection is either quite lost, or its power suspended;

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pended; and distress, which humanity should look down on to relieve, is shunned like disease, the plague, or death.

Let us, charming Sophia, avoid a deviation so unnatural. Let no refinement ever deprave us of our sensibility.—But I know your amiable disposition :——with Rowe's Lavinia you ask, “ Can there be such, and have they peace of mind ?”

Adieu. You are sincerely beloved by

CHARLES DOUGLAS.



Mr. GREEN to ELIZA GREEN.

Greenwood Farm.

THIS day, my dear child, we received a letter from Mr. Williams. He is recovering fast. Heaven has been propitious to our wishes, and a fair prospect of happiness opens to your view. Need I inform my dear Eliza, that perfect happiness is a shadow, which eludes the grasp of mortality; that it is not to be attained in the race, but the prize conferred at the goal as a reward

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to those who run with patience and resignation? Various are the rational enjoyments in this life, and deservedly are they dear to us; but, too often, the whole of our felicity is treasured up in them. It is then I am inclined to believe a deprivation of them is often intended as a punishment for having engaged our hearts too deeply. The supreme good, from which every other is only a ray, should be the chief object of our love, and that will afford us unalloyed pleasure through eternal ages. Next to that, are the natural affections of child, wife, parent, &c. they cannot be too fervent, if subordinate to the first I have mentioned.

Mr. Williams, I believe, deserves your affection and esteem. Continue to love him whilst he continues worthy of that distinction. An inconstant character is an infamous one. Such a person's conduct is a lye: you cannot believe him, because his actions, as well as his tongue, are deceitful.

We were greatly pleased with the accounts you sent us of Mr. Harris, and join in opinion, from tracing the concurring circumstances, that a reconciliation will take place
betwixt

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betwixt the families of Campbell and Seaton. Poor mortals! Were the Almighty as unrelenting, what must be the wretched lot of sinful men!—Mr. Douglas and Mr. Weston, we think, must be the principal actors in this affair.

Your mother is very well, and feels the full force of your sentiment respecting absence.—But she intends writing herself.—There are some good news about Emily Watson.

Be grateful to God for every enjoyment.—A sincere mind cannot dispense with that duty. Remember, it is the advice of a zealous friend, and an

Affectionate father,

WILLIAM GREEN.

Mrs. GREEN, in Continuation.

YOUR father, my beloved Eliza, gives me the pen: but no pen can describe my affection for my dear, my only child. I think of you every moment. I go to your room, I miss you every where. I am not unhappy indeed, but I shall be transported when you return. You will be pleased to

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hear that Emily is with her guardian. He had been to London, and was greatly disappointed to hear that she was gone. The good man came to our house, and having told us his name and business, we related her story, and described her penitence. He declared she was as dear to him as ever, and that he never would have any more concern with the villain who betrayed her. She has greatly recovered her health, and is indeed handsome. We went with Mr. Lewis, but begged him to stop a little behind, for fear of surprizing her by too abrupt a meeting. Expressions of gratitude on her side, introduced our conversation; those I was obliged to admit. I then asked her, whether she did not want to see Mr. Lewis.

“ Ah, madam,” said she, “ if I was innocent, it would be one of my most fervent wishes.”

“ But as it is, should not you be pleased to see him ?”—She looked confused.

“ Yes, dear Mrs. Green ; I have a filial esteem for Mr. Lewis, but I cannot expect such a favour.”

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I looked out, the gentlemen were a considerable distance off.

"Pray," said I, "Emily, can you tell me who that is with Mr. Green?"

"Oh! yes, yes,—it is Mr. Lewis!"—And not knowing what she did, ran out to meet him.

They saw and hurried toward her. Mr. Lewis caught the poor trembling penitent in his arms, and used every kind expression which his heart could dictate to make her easy. After some time she enquired about his wife.—A tear glistened in the old man's eye.

"Dead!" she exclaimed, "Oh! guilty as I have been, I never ceased loving her tenderly."

It was some time before they were composed. At length he mentioned her going home with him, but we prevailed on him to defer it till next day, and engaged them to spend the evening with us. He rewarded the poor people liberally, and the next morning they left us. He quite happy that he had recovered his ward, and she greatly affected by his kindness.

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God bless, guard and protect my dear child ! so prays her

Affectionate mother,

LOUISA GREEN.

ELIZA GREEN to HENRY WILLIAMS.

Edinburgh.

YOU have been wounded, and given your friends almost as much pain, as you have felt yourself. Make haste and recover, ease our anxiety by personally assuring us, that you are out of danger. Here are Mr. Weston and his lady, impatiently waiting for an opportunity to congratulate you on your restored health. Here is Sophia too—in short, every person with whom you are acquainted, wish for the same pleasure.—You will certainly include amongst the number

ELIZA GREEN.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON TO CHARLES DOUGLAS.

Edinburgh.

ELIZA just now came to me.

"Sophia," said she, "I have a request to make—will you comply with it?"—She looked very serious.

"To be sure I will," was my answer.

"You promise me?"

"I do."

"Well, then, keep me in countenance. See what I have written to Mr. Williams.—Come, you must say something to his friend."

Remember then it is to Eliza you owe my present complaisance.—But, to tell you the truth, I am not displeased to have an excuse for writing; particularly, at present.

I send you inclosed a letter from Mr. Weston to Mr. Seaton, senior, and a transcribed account that will clear some mysteries, which the young gentleman could not inform you of. We are determined to make peace betwixt the old transgressors, and for that purpose intend to have them both at Edinburgh.

If

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If our politics do not fail us, Mr. Seaton shall have Charlotte Campbell's hand to seal the union. But do not tell the man all this; for he will either be so gloomy, that he will shake his head, and say, "They are very kind, but will meet with no success;" or else he will be up in the clouds exalted by hope. And if the attempt should prove abortive, what a fall would he have! for these very dismal folks know nothing of mediocrity.

Your brother is exceedingly ill. Mrs. Douglas sheds tears now and then, but is perfectly resigned; Mr. Douglas copies her manner, be it solemn or chearful; Miss Campbell follows the lead naturally; Eliza and somebody else think of their absent friends, and are as serious as any of the family; and you may suppose, if you will, that the somebody mentioned is

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

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Mr. WESTON to ARCHIBALD SEATON.

Edinburgh.

AGREEABLE to the dying request of Mr. Harris, a gentleman with whom you was formerly acquainted, I have, with my wife, (his niece) made a journey from Somersetshire to Edinburgh, in order to communicate some former transactions in which your family were concerned: I have likewise one thousand pounds to pay you by his desire. That these affairs may be settled, I should be glad you would give me a meeting. You will hear of me at the Union Coffee-house, High-street, Edinburgh.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

ARTHUR WESTON.

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JOHN DOUGLAS, Esq; to ARCHIBALD
CAMPBELL, Esq;

Edinburgh.

BY an unforeseen accident, I have lately become acquainted with a gentleman who, with his wife, has travelled from a remote county in England; and a principal part of his business is to pay into your hands a legacy of one thousand pounds, which Mr. Harris, an uncle of his wife's, bequeathed to you.—He was the gentleman who conveyed your sister to George Seaton, and has left behind him a particular account of that transaction, which Mr. Weston will give you a copy of. He begs you will favour him with a meeting in Edinburgh as soon as conveniency will permit, that he may acquit himself of a promise made to a dying friend.

My eldest son is in a most affecting state, and Mrs. Douglas's maternal feelings are so great on that account, that her health is much impaired: otherwise we have no reason to complain. Charlotte looks well, and is truly amiable.

I im-

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I impatiently expect your company ; when we will rejoice together, that the cloud is dispelled which impended over our country. How should it incite our minds to mercy, when we perceive Providence, after innumerable provocations, chastises so lightly !

Be assured, my old acquaintance, that I am,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN DOUGLAS.

HENRY WILLIAMS to ELIZA GREEN.

Inverness.

HOW kindly condescending is the charming Eliza ! How transported were my senses, after breaking the seal, when, under a few lines, I saw subscribed the beloved name of Eliza Green ! My heart palpitated, my pulses vibrated with uncommon rapidity. Is there a medicine in the *Materia Medica* could produce an effect equally powerful ? I shall soon be well.—How valuable is life, and health, to your happy Harry ! They are objects of Eliza's care, and on that account must be doubly dear to him.

Charles

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Charles Douglas and Mr. Seaton have given me the most convincing proofs of their friendly disposition. They have passed whole days with me, and used every possible means to procure me amusement. What obligations am I not under to all my friends? What a debt have I contracted!—But true gratitude can pay it all.

How do you like Edinburgh? Do not the noise of a crowded street, and the busy appearance of a multitude continually passing, seem very strange to you? When your father quitted London, you was very young; ever since he has made Greenwood his constant residence, and till now you could hardly form an idea, that a number of people should think it necessary to connect their residence so closely, as hardly to admit air. I hope the want of it in its free pure state, however, will not affect your health—that, indeed, would wound my mind more severely than a rebel's sword did my body. Be careful of it, lovely Eliza, and believe that you are sincerely esteemed, and ardently loved, by

HENRY WILLIAMS.

Mr. GREEN to ELIZA GREEN.

Greenwood Farm.

WE begin to feel your absence so much, that we anxiously wish for your return. Our greatest earthly blessing is our child. We love her, because impelled by the laws of nature; and we esteem her, because reason and experience declare, that she deserves our approbation. We do not, however, desire to hasten her return improperly, notwithstanding our earnest desire to embrace a daughter so deservedly dear to us.—Mr. and Mrs. Weston will bring you back with them, and they have promised us the pleasure of their company a few days before they leave Scotland.

We had a visit from Mr. Lewis yesterday. Mr. Courtney is come down to his seat, is extremely penitent, and has offered to make Emily honourable reparation for the wrongs he has done her, and for that purpose it was he requested a meeting with Mr. Lewis. He declared his contrition and regret, owned his former deceitful practices respecting Emily,

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inveighed bitterly against his own folly, and made an apparent candid confession of his present situation; by which it appears, that a passion for intrigue, after his desertion of Emily, having engaged him in many base schemes, which at first did not afford him agreeable reflections, he had recourse to company, and the bottle, to amuse time and exhilarate spirits depressed by a conviction of guilt. That gaming ensued; the consequences of which were, considerable losses on his own part, and his associates enriched at the expence of a considerable part of his fortune. In short, every thing he has mortgaged except his estate in this country.

A very few years ago his father left him above two thousand pounds a year, and now his annual income, unincumbered, is not above two hundred and fifty. He intends to reside constantly in the country, and, limiting his expence to the income of his estate here, by that plan of œconomy, to recover the losses sustained by his folly.

“I have,” said he to Mr. Lewis, “been pursuing pleasure where it was not to be found; I have, with avidity, prosecuted every

every scheme to which appetite incited, or passion, holding the reins, impelled. Money furnished me with the means of doing much mischief, and, at last, every feeling was lost that opposed the influence of a vicious will. In this situation, on the very brink of destruction, Emily's brother found me; and the wound my body received became a physician to my mind; it pointed out my disease. My situation was dangerous; conscience would be heard, and its reflections were very severe. Reason would also be heard, and it made me ashamed of my folly. When I was judged by the surgeon to be out of danger, I took a review of my affairs, and found that, in less than three years, I had squandered away upwards of twenty thousand pounds. I raised money, discharged my debts, and am now determined to lead a different life. If Emily will receive a sincere penitent, my future attention will not only evince, but it will likewise prove my sincerity; and such an endearing, prudent companion, may be of the greatest efficacy in assisting me to resist future temptation.—
 Alas!" added he, "it is true I have monitors

enough; loss of fortune, injured health, a disfigured body; but, above all, a memory that draws the plan of my past life with the utmost exactness, and a conscience keen with its reproaches."

He used many arguments with Mr. Lewis to influence Emily in his favour. He left him without promising much, and came here to consult with me on the subject. He told me, that Emily and her brother would share his fortune betwixt them; and added, that she will be as good a match as Courtney could expect. I advised him to mention the affair to Emily, though I doubted much her present acceptance of it. That, in my opinion, she would be wrong to receive him, till time had proved the stability, as well as the sincerity of his repentance. That her character would be less liable to reproach, if she married a twelve-month hence, and his perseverance, during that period, would afford a tolerable assurance that he had disclaimed his former follies. Mr. Lewis approved my opinion, and left us with a resolution to act accordingly; and when I hear the result, which probably will be soon, the

next

next post afterwards shall convey you the information.

To gratify a laudable curiosity at the desire of another, is not only an act of complaisance, but it is likewise a duty, and is frequently productive of many good consequences. Sophia's curiosity, though it was neither criminal nor praise-worthy, may terminate in real utility to the parties concerned. Think not, my dear Eliza, that I mean to be an advocate for that kind of impertinence, by which many are stimulated to pry into their neighbours affairs, merely to gratify an inquisitive disposition: no, such characters are to be despised; and, when to it is added an inclination of telling all they know, notwithstanding such communication endangers the happiness of families, the harmony of a marriage connexion, or the credit of an individual, in these cases, such a person should not only be treated with contempt, but likewise be debarred the pleasure of all social intercourse whatever. They and the plague should be shunned for the very same reason, each being full of infection, and leaving behind them the traces of their baleful

quality wherever they go. Curiosity, my dear child, can only be innocent where no harm is intended, or injury sustained by its demand or gratification; but it is a child of virtue, when impelled by benevolence. Where that is the incentive, it eagerly seeks out concealed adversity, distress, penury, and want, (concealed perhaps by the joint efforts of decent pride and humble resignation) learns the source that produced the effect, but learns it for the noblest purpose, the pleasure of removing it.

Your mother enjoys good health, thinks much about her daughter, loves her tenderly, and desires to be remembered affectionately. Say for us, all that friendship can dictate to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas; tell Sophia we think of her daily; make our respects to Miss Campbell, and believe me to be

Your sincere friend,

And affectionate father,

WILLIAM GREEN.

THOMAS JOHNSTON, Esq; to JOHN
DOUGLAS, Esq;

SIR,

THE truth of the following observation you have often made, I find verified. "The punishment of a vicious act follows very close to the commission of it." The confession I am about to make will, I doubt not, deprive me of any share I have hitherto held in your esteem.

I loved Eliza Green—at least my fancy became enamoured of her beauty; and, to prove the effect she had produced, I would have married her. My fortune and situation in life gave me reason to suppose I should not be refused; but I was mistaken: she did not discover in me that parity of sentiment, nor that rectitude of manners, which she thought necessary ingredients in the character of a man who was to be her partner for life, and my suit was unsuccessful. My pride was hurt, and I had determined, at any rate, to make her mine, even if I used force for that purpose. To the estate I had in the
north,

north, either by fair or by foul means, I intended to convey her, make her my wife by intreaty, or my mistress by force.

Full of that scheme, I went to prepare every thing for the execution of my plan; when, in an unlucky hour, I became acquainted with Miss Sinclair. She was young, handsome enough, lovely, and familiar. We grew intimate; I courted her in jest, and she granted me every thing in earnest. She was of so forward a turn, that I began soon to dislike the connexion; and many months had not passed before I had sufficient reason to repent having made it.

I used frequently to visit at the house, and as frequently to pass some hours in the lady's chamber, after the family were gone to bed. One night—tormenting reflection!—the door was burst open, and in came her three brothers, each with a drawn broad-sword in one hand, and a lighted candle in the other. I hurried out of bed, and was in such confusion I knew not what to say. Miss Sinclair hid her modest face under the bed-cloaths. The eldest brother desired me to dress myself as quickly as possible, and give him satisfaction

faction for the dishonour done to his family, for breach of hospitality; and, upon the whole, for behaving like a villain.—“ You must,” continued he, “ have good luck, if you escape all our revenge; for if I fall, here are two more who will each call you separately to an account, for aggravated guilt. In giving you any chance to live, we do more than you deserve; but we scorn to murder even such a villain as you are.”

I am not naturally a coward; but, in my then situation I found myself divested of any resolution. Certain death, I was persuaded, must be the consequence if I engaged, and how was I to avoid it? Only one alternative appeared; and that was, by an offer of marrying their sister. To save my life I made the proposition. After some hesitation it was accepted; a clergyman was sent for, and that morning Miss Sinclair became Mrs. Johnston. Thus was my darling scheme rendered abortive, and thus was I chained to a woman who was perhaps the greatest termagant that ever bore the name of wife. Whenever I presumed to dispute her authority, she threatened to inform her brothers, who

who would not suffer her to be ill used: I should have brought her south, but was ashamed to show myself amongst my friends. Surely, never was man more unhappily situated! At last, determining to leave her and my native country together, I have sold all my estates except this, which, with the house belonging to it, is worth one hundred pounds a year. On that she may live, if she pleases: it is equal to the fortune of her whole family,

Sophia's money I have paid into the hands of Mr. Neal, who will deliver it to you, or any other person whom she authorizes to act as her guardian.

Before you receive this, I shall be out of Scotland—perhaps for ever, unless I have the good fortune to outlive the gale I am matched with.—And yet my misfortunes are just, since I repelled the admonitions of conscience. Though I saw infinitely more charms in the practice of virtue, yet, detestable folly! I chose the allurements of vice. Perhaps in some future period I may be more worthy of your esteem, as my present resolution is to attempt a different manner

ner of acting. At this juncture, indeed, my ideas are all confused: when they are more tranquil, and I am out of the reach of a woman who has been my bane, I will write to Sophia. Advise her not to be unhappy on account of my absence, and tell her I fly from torment to seek for ease.—If possible, mix some pity with contempt when you think of me.

THOMAS JOHNSTON.

ELIZA GREEN to Mr. GREEN.

Edinburgh.

WHAT an escape have I had! The inclosed will account for that observation.

Poor Sophia is exceedingly concerned about her brother: unhappy man! his folly has driven him from his friends and country.

Mr. Douglas junior is at last released from this state of trial, and to-morrow evening will mix with his kindred earth. Mrs. Douglas is perfectly resigned, and his father shows no tokens of sorrow, but behaves with a solemn gravity which seems to say, I have
lost

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lost a son; but it was God who gave, and who can, when he pleases, by his sovereign power, reclaim the gift. Charlotte weeps, and wonders at their fortitude. What an awful impression does a view of death make on the mind! Great God! long preserve my dear parents from that state.—I dare not think of such a trial.

I hope it will not be long before Mr. Weston settles his affairs, for I wish to be at Greenwood. The gentlemen are hourly expected, and after their arrival the business will soon be compleated. Charles Douglas will be here to-morrow.

I have almost tired myself transcribing Johnston's letter, therefore will defer finishing this till to-morrow evening. It is now late, and my eyes seem to demand sleep.—Good night, and good angels guard my parents.

Once more duty and inclination prompt me to take the pen in my hand. Charles Douglas is arrived, and his brother is interred. His parents insist upon his quitting the army immediately, as he is now the only surviving hope of their ancient house.

To-morrow

To-morrow Mr. Seaton will be in Edinburgh, and what surprizes me very much, Mr. Williams comes with him. Mr. Campbell is likewise expected—he will lodge here. Mr. Douglas, notwithstanding his recent loss, is determined to effect a reconciliation. No circumstance, he says, should prevent us from discharging our duty, and he considers the present opportunity, as an act of Providence, which should not be neglected. To reconcile, he says, the animosities of our offended brethren, is one of the kindest acts of humanity. What heart-felt pleasure does even a by-stander feel when he observes two men regarding each other with looks of complacency and friendship, whose faces a little before, were the pictures of wrath and animosity! who, from indulging hatred and revenge, with rancour in their breasts, suddenly feel themselves susceptible of the nobler, the more generous emotions, esteem, and forgiveness! The arguments he makes use of on this subject, have their source from benevolence and humanity. I will not delay making you acquainted with their effect.

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Has my revered mother no demands which I can bring home with me from this city? How happy am I when obeying her orders! God bless and preserve my dear parents! This is the sincere prayer of their

Affectionate daughter,

ELIZA GREEN.

ELIZA GREEN to Mr. GREEN.

Edinburgh.

TWO days ago Mr. Seaton, senior, arrived in this city, and Mr. Williams with him; Charles Douglas and Mr. Weston received them at the inn. A great deal of joy passed on every side. Mr. Seaton and Mr. Weston were introduced to each other, and a conversation followed betwixt them relative to their business. Mr. Williams observing it, "Weston," said he, "I am exceedingly happy to see you, but I cannot dispense with the pleasure I propose enjoying from paying my respects to your amiable partner.

Charles

Charles will introduce me, and we will leave you to entertain Mr. Seaton for an hour or two."

"No, no," said the old gentleman, "we are forward enough in business for one day. If this gentleman will meet me here to-morrow morning by nine o'clock, we will then discuss whatever subject he thinks necessary. I have some friends in this city, and as I have not been here for ten years past, they must be enquired about. I must put myself in some sort of order too to receive them, for I shall send about to let them know I am here."

Mr. Weston pressed him to take up his residence with them during his stay in Edinburgh. He shook him by the hand, thanked him heartily, and said, "Excuse me—were I to accept your kind invitation, how many should I disoblige! But to-morrow I will be punctual."—They parted, and the three gentlemen came here in a coach.

Sophia, Charlotte, and your daughter were sitting at work, when they came in. My surprize was too visible to be concealed; the work dropped out of my hand.

“ My Eliza !” Mr. Williams exclaimed, “ how delighted am I to meet you here !”

Need I blush to own it ?—He pressed me in his arms, and breathed forth, in the most melodious accents, vows of everlasting love. I begged to sit down. He drew a chair beside me, pressed my hand betwixt his, and looked at me with unutterable delight. How long we should have continued so forgetful I will not pretend to say, had not a loud laugh from Sophia broke the enchantment.

“ What !” said she, “ Mr. Williams, is there no one else in the room but Eliza ? or are you already amongst the celestial inhabitants, looking down upon us poor frail mortals as beings not worth your notice ?”——

Mr. Williams got up.

“ Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons ; but here,” taking hold of my hand, “ here is my excuse.”

Charles immediately introduced him to the two ladies, and the conversation became general.

Mr. Williams looks thin and pale. We asked him if the journey had not fatigued him.

“ Not

"Not in the least," he replied. "The pleasure my mind expected to enjoy, banished every idea of fatigue." Besides, Mr. Seaton was so very obstinate that he would not travel long stages. I am both angry and pleased with him, for it was owing to his solicitude for me that our journey was so tedious."

I observed Charlotte looked attentive when Mr. Seaton was mentioned, and immediately removed her suspense by enquiring about his son. Mr. Williams assured us his health was better than his spirits, and spoke of his generosity, bravery, and goodness of heart, in terms that showed how much he respected him. Charlotte's tears declared her sympathy of thinking.

Mr. Williams started from his chair, and exclaimed, "My friend Seaton's Charlotte! Pardon me, Miss, he will be here in a few days, when I hope you will meet by the approbation of your parents. He deserves your esteem; he has an honest heart, and it is devoted to your service."

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas came in. Mr. Williams was introduced, and welcomed

with a genuine hospitality, that is natural to this family. Weston informed them that he had been with Mr. Seaton, and was to meet him in the morning at nine o'clock; that he proposed, in their conference, to make every possible advance to effect a reconciliation. Mr. Douglas advised him not to mention Mr. Campbell's being in Edinburgh, unless Mr. Seaton seemed to be in a disposition suitable for an interview. He bowed assent; and, recollecting himself, "Excuse me," said he, "a few minutes." He soon returned, leading in his Maria. She was delighted to see Mr. Williams, and expressed her esteem in very grateful terms. They, indeed, conveyed the most agreeable compliment to her husband, as her gratitude arose, in a great measure, from the sense she had of her present happiness. Mr. Williams assured her he should ever retain a pleasing idea of that period when their acquaintance commenced.

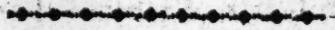
We spent a most agreeable evening, when Mr. Williams made a slight effort to go. His friend looked grave.—Ceremony over, he remains here.

Next

Next morning Mr. Weston called on him, and they went together to Mr. Seaton's appointment. What passed amongst the gentlemen Mr. Williams has undertaken to relate. A few days will finish our stay in Edinburgh. Mr. Douglas and his family are on the point of leaving the town, and we are to accompany them. Next Tuesday evening they request the favour of my parents company to meet them at Douglas Seat.—How shall I be disappointed if any thing should happen to prevent your coming; I am delighted with the expectation—the idea transports

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA GREEN.



HENRY WILLIAMS to Mr. GREEN.

Edinburgh.

INEXPRESSIBLY happy at present; I can hardly admit an idea of ever having known uneasiness, suspense, or anxiety. My father's situation alone has power to break the pleasing

pleasing charm, and by this time, I hope, he is in some degree reconciled. I shall not delay the demand of duty, but will follow its impulse as soon as my health will permit. I wrote to him by last post, and he will expect me to leave this country about three weeks hence. I have resigned my commission, and am no longer under the necessity of applying for liberty to follow where filial duty or inclination calls.

Your charming daughter, my much-loved Eliza, informs me that you expect an account of every thing that passed relative to Messrs. Seaton and Campbell from me. With pleasure I endeavour to gratify your expectation.

By Mr. Weston's desire I accompanied him to meet Mr. Seaton.—He had been waiting a few minutes only.

“Very punctual, indeed,” said he, “for young gentlemen, who, in this age, are not remarkable for their exactness, unless a lady is in the case—but waving these matters, let us proceed to business.—This letter, Sir, I presume you acknowledge.”

“I do.”

"I do," replied Mr. Weston; "and," presenting at the same time a paper, "be pleased to read that," said he; "and when you have received the information it contains, I will answer any questions you shall think proper to ask, and give you bills to the amount of the legacy bequeathed."

He took the paper, put on his spectacles, perused it with great attention and calmness, till the scheme that related to his sister appeared. He then got up, sat down again, and seemed exceedingly uneasy. When he came to the account of her death, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Poor Isabella!" he exclaimed, "thou art no more! But no act of dishonour marked your character. You deceived me, indeed, but I deserved it, and severely since have I been punished."

He laid the paper down on the table, wiped his eyes, and for a considerable time seemed lost in thought. At length—"Gentlemen," said he, "you must excuse me—I have been endeavouring to refresh my memory with circumstances long since past. Every article of the relation you have here
given

given me, Mr. Weston, I believe; but there is something in it which I cannot account for; why was not the fate of my sister made known to me?"

Mr. Weston said, he hoped Mr. Seaton would not imagine he meant to offend him, if he assigned the reason Mr. Harris gave when the same observation was made.—

"On a consultation with your brother," continued he, "it was determined to keep the matter secret, from the apprehension that, should it be known, you never would forgive either of the parties."

"Too, too justly did they determine," returned Mr. Seaton, "implacability has been too long a governing trait in my character."

"Perhaps, Sir," replied Mr. Weston, "You may think me presuming; but the respect I have conceived for you will not admit my being silent. If forgiveness is our duty, if you are convinced it is right, if you are conscious that an ill-grounded enmity is criminal, why does animosity so long subsist betwixt Mr. Campbell's family and yours? Why wait for the first overture? It is noble to forgive when forgiveness is asked, but
it

it is godlike to pass over offences from the benevolence of our own will."

He acknowledged the justice of Mr. Weston's sentiments.——"But," continued he, "what signifies my attempting to accommodate matters with a man whose animosity knows no bounds, and who will never, on this subject, attend to the dictates of reason?"

I then told him how far his son's happiness depended on their reconciliation, expatiated on his virtues, and painted the situation of his mind in the most gloomy colours. The contrast affected the old gentleman.

"You are good, young man," said he, "you have, I perceive, engaged in an undertaking which, God grant, you may accomplish. I am already what you would wish me to be; the task will be much harder with Mr. Campbell."

We told him that Mr. Douglas had undertaken that part of the matter, and that they hourly expected him.

"If so," said Mr. Seaton, "the character which Douglas bears is well known; tell him to dispose of me in this affair as he pleases,
and

and that I will answer any engagement he shall make for me."

We were charmed with his generosity. Mr. Weston paid him the money, and we parted quite happy.

Mr. Douglas, who thought himself obliged by Mr. Seaton, when we recounted our conversation, took a direction from us, and proposed calling upon him. While he was gone out, and we were chatting with the ladies, Mr. Campbell and another gentleman arrived.—I think I could safely give you twenty years to guess who the other was, and not succeed at last.—It was Mr. Seaton, junior.—Are you not surprized? We were, I assure you, but infinitely more so, when, taking his daughter's hand, he put it in Mr. Seaton's.

"There," said he, "Sir! get your father's consent, and Charlotte shall pay the debt of gratitude I owe."

We stared, rubbed our eyes, and Charlotte was ready to faint. Seaton could not speak for joy; but in a moment, as if he had forgot something, he quitted the hand just bestowed, and threw himself on his knees

knees before her father, with an expression of gratitude, which sufficiently showed how much he was transported with the happiness he had conferred. Mr. Campbell raised him up, embraced him, called him his son, his brave deliverer. It was some time before we were at liberty to request an explanation of a matter so unexpected. Mr. Douglas came in; and the ceremony of their meeting, after a long absence, kept our impatience on the rack.

At last Mr. Campbell, knowing how eager we were for an explanation, informed us, that the evening of the day on which he came from home, he was riding along, attended only by a servant; that there was a piece of road, near which there were no houses for nine miles, the ground being full of heath uncultivated, and a great number of craggy hills interspersed on each side. "My servant," continued he, "as the custom of Scotland is, was before me, at some little distance; when, from out of a lurking place, in one of the hills, three men issued; they wounded him, and prepared to attack me. I saw no prospect of safety but in a

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vigorous defence. My life must have fallen a victim in the contest, my servant being disabled. I could not retreat, having just come down a steep hill, and two of the men were advancing armed. My period of life I considered as at an end, when the sound of a voice behind gave me new hopes. It was this brave youth. He galloped down the hill, and in an instant laid one of the villains dead at my feet. He wounded another, and the third fled among the rocks. So rapid was the attack and victory, that, to this moment, I cannot describe it. My heart impressed with gratitude, led me to pour out its effusions to my deliverer. For a moment I stopped, when I perceived it was Seaton's son. "Ah! Sir," said he, "it is Seaton indeed. Thank heaven he has been of service to Mr. Campbell." How noble did he appear! How little did I feel! His generosity reproached me, his bravery charmed me, and my life, thus unexpectedly saved, was an obligation that demanded every return I was empowered to make. I pressed him in my arms, and, in that moment, felt more delight than all the years of

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of enmity had produced. I repeatedly told him, that I should be unhappy till he was convinced how much I esteemed myself obliged. At last, in the most modest manner he addressed me. "If, Sir," said he, "you think that you have contracted any debt, you may soon amply repay it. Let our families be reconciled, and give me your lovely daughter to ensure its stability. I adore Charlotte, and never can be happy without her." He had my promise that moment, and we have not parted since. I have performed it, and may they enjoy a long life of mutual happiness."

Our design thus fortunately brought to a conclusion, Mr. Douglas informed him of what had passed with Mr. Seaton, and his readiness to join in an accommodation. Mr. Campbell seemed surprized. "Come, gentlemen," said he, "I will not be outdone in generosity: go with me to Mr. Seaton, and hear me ask his pardon.—I find myself obliged to acknowledge that I have been the aggressor."

We engaged him to stay till after dinner; and, in the mean time, Mr. Weston was

made known to him, and gave him the written account Mr. Harris had left.

"This," said Mr. Campbell, after he had read it, "convinces me still more that I have been to blame, I long to own my fault, and renew a friendship which was once dear to me."

After dinner we all went with him. Mr. Seaton did not expect us, and was astonished when Mr. Campbell began to acknowledge the impropriety of his behaviour. He held out his hand and interrupted him; they embraced, and in a moment were friends. It was pleasing to hear the pains each took to accuse himself, and exculpate the other. Mr. Campbell repeated the story to Mr. Seaton of his son's gallant behaviour, and the promise he had given him; and Mr. Seaton's immediate assent to the match, confirmed the happiness of all parties.

Every obstacle being now removed, by the particular desire of Mr. Douglas, they all supped at his house that night. So much harmony and good-humour prevailed the whole evening, that an indifferent person would not have imagined any animosities had

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had ever existed. We are to accompany them to Douglas Seat, and if we do not find you there, shall next day conduct your Eliza to Greenwood.

I have obeyed your charming daughter, and know the recital will afford pleasure to your benevolent heart; I reverence Mrs. Green, and long to embrace you both.

I am, your sincere friend,

And humble servant,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

SOPHIA JOHNSTON to ELIZA GREEN.

Douglas Seat.

WHY did my Eliza leave us so soon? —And yet Mr. and Mrs. Green were kindly condescending to stay a week with us at Douglas Seat. With what affection they met their daughter! You had never been a day from them before; you are their all, and they know not how to part with you. Mr. Williams must live in this country, or he shall not have my consent. Would you

believe it!—Charlotte and your friend must soon alter their names. The old people talk of next week—I want to wait till your time comes. Charles is so refractory, that I fancy I must give him a proof of my obedience, even before the indissoluble knot is tied. You must all come over about Wednesday next. Two weddings are talked of for that day. I am become quite a coward: come, and bring your Henry with you, and keep us company. I do not know what I would have; but this I know, that no alteration of name shall ever change the sincerity of my friendship, nor lessen the esteem with which you are regarded by

SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

ELIZA GARN to SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

Greenwood Farm,

I HAVE been strangely flattered—Who do you think we have here, Sophia?—The father of Mr. Williams. The report of his son's being wounded reached Wales, and

he

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he hurried from home to see him taken care of. He has been at Edinburgh, and from thence was directed here. His arrival surprised us all, particularly his son: but he has made us quite happy, by declaring he will be in no hurry to return, and will, at least, pass the summer in this country. Our marriage was talked of; his consent was freely given; and when the contents of your letter was communicated, he urged strenuously for the ceremony being performed at the same time. My parents acquiesced; I was obedient, and Harry is in raptures. We shall come over in the old gentleman's chaise, be witnesses to each other's vows, and then return home. My father says, though Douglas Seat is large, we shall crowd you too much.

Here is an intruder, Sophia, who begs to add a postscript to his friend Charles. I cannot refuse him, therefore shall only add, that

I am your affectionate friend,

ELIZA GREEN.

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Next Wednesday, Charles, propitious day! Sophia and Eliza will make us the happiest of men. The gentle Charlotte will also banish the fears of her enamoured lover. Never was the altar of Hymen, at one time, adorned with more virtue, innocence, and beauty, than it will be on that day. I know not how to bear my joy. Time seems to move with leaden feet; I try to amuse myself in vain. If I read, not a syllable does my mind attend to. Eliza, Eliza alone is all my care. In her company my mind is soothed into placid tranquility.—That nothing may happen to impede our joy, is the ardent prayer of

Your sincere friend,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

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HENRY WILLIAMS, to ARTHUR
WESTON, Esq;

Douglas Seat.

YESTERDAY, my friend, shall be sacred to my memory. At the parish church of Mr. Douglas the following happy pairs were joined in holy matrimony. First Henry Williams to his adored Eliza. That ceremony performed, James Seaton led forward the lovely, timid, Charlotte Campbell; on them the priest bestowed his benediction also. This done, Charles Douglas, and the blooming, lively Sophia, received the last cast of his office.—I shall certainly love that clergyman as long as I have life.—He gave us, as we are told, some very good advice, but it was at a time when we were all incapable of attention.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Seaton are inseparable, and wonder how they ever quarrelled.

We dined at Douglas Seat, and would have returned home, but no excuses would be received.

“What!”

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"What!" said Mr. Douglas, "leave us in this day of festivity, to throw a cloud over our joy!—No, no, my friends, you shall not stir this week. To-day we will be by ourselves, to-morrow we will have all the country; the poor shall partake of our happiness; provisions shall be dressed for them. The barn is cleared out, fiddlers bespoken; all shall be made happy—every one round us shall have a holiday."

His benevolent mind was so fixed to its purpose, that we cheerfully assented—and here we are—transported with our happiness.—Oh! may an equal reward be forever the consequence of fidelity and virtue! With this ardent wish concludes

Your happy friend,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

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